

MRS. RUSSELL TELLS OF MANY MEN IN LOVE WITH HER

The Daily Mirror 20

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

PAGES

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One Penny.

MRS. RUSSELL'S ORDEAL



Mrs. Russell with her mother, Mrs. Hart, yesterday. Mrs. Russell had a long ordeal in the witness-box, and was cross-examined by Sir E. Marshall-Hall, K.C.



Mr. Mayer, the co-respondent, arriving.

Mrs. Russell told Sir E. Marshall-Hall yesterday that while in Switzerland she had dressed up as a man and had blacked her face. She declared that her husband still believed the baby was his. "He is trying to ruin me," she said dramatically.



Sir E. Marshall-Hall, who cross-examined Mrs. Russell.

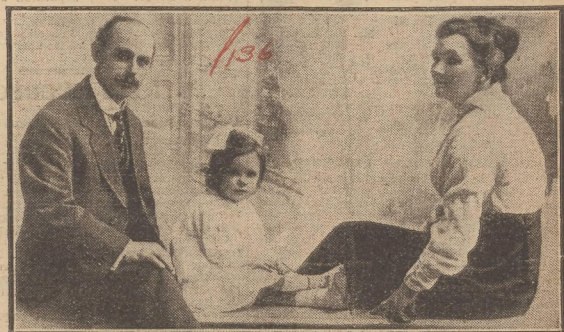


Sir E. Hume-Williams, K.C., counsel for co-respondent.

WELSH MYSTERY



Willie Morgan, the dead woman's son, who said there had been a misunderstanding between—



—his father and mother, who are here seen together.



Willie Morgan (left) giving evidence at Newport (Mon.) yesterday at the resumed inquest on his mother, Mrs. Jenny Morgan, who died mysteriously. He said she told him Mrs. Carthy, her niece, had said something to his father that caused him to be unpleasant to her, his mother.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

MRS. RUSSELL'S PASSIONATE APPEAL FOR HER BABY BOY

Story of Marriage Pact with Husband.

NO LOVE AT FIRST.

Dancing Every Night with Dozens of Partners.

There were many dramatic moments in the Divorce Court yesterday, when Mrs. Russell told her own story in denying the charges made by her husband, the Hon. John Hugo Russell, who is seeking a decree nisi.

She declared that when they were married she did not love him, but grew fonder of him later.

After the wedding, Mrs. Russell said, she danced with dozens of different men, and she realised now that that was extremely indiscreet. She had never been guilty of infidelity with Mr. Mayer or anyone else.

In a passionate outburst, Mrs. Russell, giving her version of the marriage pact, declared that her husband was the father of her baby boy. "And," she added with emphasis, "he knows it!"

TOE ON GUN TRIGGER.

Wife Describes Mr. Russell's Threats to Shoot Himself.

After Mr. Hastings' opening speech, Mrs. Russell went into the witness-box. She stated that she was living at her mother's flat in Harington-gardens, and still kept her shop at Curzon-street.

When she married John Russell she was not in love with him, but after a time got much fonder of him. That continued until she came back from Switzerland. They got on badly after that.

In 1920 they were friendly sometimes, and sometimes not, so there was no specific altercation in her treatment of her husband in August of that year.

Were you in business all day?—Yes.

How did you spend your evenings?—Dancing.

Every night?—Practically.

Dancing with a large number of different men?—Yes, dozens.

Did you ever make any concealment about it?—No. They always came and fetched me.

All the time was there anything you tried to conceal from your husband?—Never.

Looking back now, do you realise that you were indiscreet?—It seems now to have been extremely indiscreet.



Mr. Hastings, K.C.

"HUNNISH SCENES" EXPLAINED.

On the nights of December 18 and 19, 1920, Mrs. Russell continued, she and her husband were at Oakley and they were marital relations. At Curzon-street her husband seemed very dissatisfied, and used to say he had been lying on his bed with a gun between his legs and his toe on the trigger to blow his brains out.

What did you mean by "Hunnish scenes"?—His threats to shoot himself, and also my cat, which always slept on my bed.

Did you know that what took place between you and your husband could result in the birth of a child?—No; I thought it was quite impossible.

It was not until June 17, 1921, that she knew of her condition. The chiropoist told her she was going to have a child.

Have you ever misconducted yourself with any man?—No; I never have.

When was the first time anybody suggested anything between you and Mr. Mayer?—In the last case, when Sir John Simon asked me the question about having had a bath in Mr. Mayer's flat.

Where did you first meet him?—In a dining car from Paris to Calais.

NO LOVE-MAKING WITH MR. MAYER.

Have you ever been to Mr. Mayer's flat?—Yes, once, with a lady friend, to tea.

Were there lots of other men's flats or houses where you used to call?—Yes.

Did Mr. Mayer ever make love to you?—He never attempted to; never attempted even to hold my hand. I think he liked me as a friend, but there was no question of his being the least in love with me.

Sir Ellis Hume-Williams, K.C. (for Mr. Mayer), asked Mrs. Russell whether the suggestion that she was found alone on a sofa in Mr. Mayer's flat was true. "Totally untrue," was the reply.

It is suggested that you had a bath there and were seen coming out of the flat with Mr. Mayer. Is that true?—No; untrue.

Quite apart from misconduct, has there ever been the least familiarity between you and Mr. Mayer?—Not the slightest.

Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, K.C. (for Mr. Russell) began his cross-examination by asking Mrs. Russell if she had any religious belief, and she replied that she had.

(Continued on page 19.)

BOB SENTENCED.

Knocked Down Woman and Had 'Old-Fashioned' Look.

APPEAL FOR LIFE.

A dog that, it is alleged, gave a policeman an "old-fashioned look," knocked down an elderly woman, who is still ill, flew at two men,

was at Marlborough-street sentenced to death yesterday.

His name is Bob, and he is an Airedale owned by Mrs. Lilian Stuart, of Jermyn-street, W., who was fined £8 for allowing him to go unruled. A stiff battle was waged in court for his life, there being several witnesses both for the defence and the prosecution.

Mr. J. Eynon, passing sentence of death, said Bob might be a nice dog in his way, but he thought he was ferocious and ought to be destroyed.

There is to be an appeal.

BELGIAN 'ILFORD CASE.'

Prison Sentences for Murder on Widow and Her Lover.

The Belgian "Ilford murder" case ended yesterday at Brussels in Van Der Wouwer being sentenced to penal servitude for life for the premeditated murder of M. Steinhann, while Mme. Steinhann received fifteen years' imprisonment for murder without premeditation. As M. Steinhann, says Reuter, was putting his car into the garage one night last June he was shot at by a man whose face he could not see. His wife called a doctor and drove her husband to a nursing home.

Before his death, a week later, he informed the police that he suspected his wife and her lover, Van Der Wouwer, of having conspired to murder him.

HOUSE SHORTAGE DRAMA

Girl Wife Stabs Husband Because He Could Not Find a Home.

When Mary Ann Ashton (nineteen), of Conisborough, was sentenced at Leeds Assizes yesterday to nine months' imprisonment for stabbing her husband, it was stated that the trouble arose through the inability of the couple to obtain a house. They separated and went to live with their parents.

In January, the wife, meeting her husband in the street, asked if he had obtained a house. When he replied that he had not, she eluded at his neck with a razor.

'PHONE SECRECY.

Police Ruse to Trap 'Phone Operator Accused of "Tapping" Calls.

When Alfred George Spiers, a London telephone operator, was sent for trial yesterday at the Mansion House on a charge of disclosing "a message entrusted to the Postmaster-General for transmission," it was stated that his arrest was the sequel to a trap set by the police.

On December 3 the Woolwich police were in communication with the Maidstone force in connection with a robbery. Spiers overheard the conversation, and said counsel, telephoned it to the office of a newspaper, which refused to use the information.

The police as a test sent two bogus messages through Spiers.

Spiers, it was said, telephoned it to another newspaper, which did not use the information.

DARK BLUES' DEBUT.

Putney's First Day of Boat Race Hero Worship—No Chewing Gum!

Putney's hero-worshipping season began yesterday, when this year's Oxford University boat crew made its first appearance on tidal waters.

One thing that impressed the fair critics—and many of the men—was that neither Mellen nor R. K. Kane, the other American in the boat, was chewing gum.

The Cambridge eight are not due till to-day, so the secret of the ladies' nursemaids and romantic schoolgirls, who were early on the tow-path yesterday, are reserving their decision as to which is the better crew.

HONOURS DEBATE IN LORDS.

Marquis Curzon, in the Lords, in a debate on honours, said the Committee suggested that penalties should be imposed for the buying and selling of honours, and the Government intended to introduce such legislation.

WARRANT AGAINST DOCTOR.

Dr. William McLeod, forty-four, who had practised as a colliery doctor at Abertillery, failed to appear at Abertillery Petty Sessions yesterday on summonses alleging that he had forged death certificates and the magistrates issued a warrant for his arrest.

GOLD FOR BEAUTY.

Thousands of Entries in £2,500 Contest.

MONDAY'S PICTURES.

Many thousands of entrants for *The Daily Mirror* £2,500 Beauty Competition are already awaiting the first selection of photographs which will be published in next Monday's issue of the paper. Each post brings thousands more.

Apart from the beauty entrants, there is an enormous number of readers waiting to exercise their skill as judges of beauty, and compete for the weekly prize of £100 which will be awarded for the most skilful choice of six entrants out of the twenty-four whose photographs are to be published weekly.

There are three sections for the beauty prizes, as follows:—1—Girls of sixteen years and upwards, £500; 2—Girls from five to fifteen years, £250; 3—Boys and girls under five years, £250.

Intending competitors have everything to gain by sending in photographs at once.

Competitors should write in ink on the back of each photograph their name, age and address and the section for which the photograph is entered. It should then be posted to: The Editor, *The Daily Mirror* Beauty Competition, 23-29, Boulevard-street, E.C.4.

Every reader of *The Daily Mirror* should make a special point of reading the important announcement on the contest that will appear in next Monday's issue. It will contain full details of the methods by which the winning beauties will be selected by popular vote and the rules governing the voting. It will also contain the first coupon, to be repeated daily.

FOR LISTENERS-IN.

"Polly" To Be Broadcast from the Kingsway Theatre on Saturday.

"Polly," John Gay's romantic ballad opera, is to be broadcast from the Kingsway Theatre on Saturday from the rise of the curtain, at 8.15, to the close of the last act, about 10.55. The programme there are being fixed microphones which will communicate with a sound amplifier.

Listeners-in, therefore, will have a wonderful opportunity of hearing the splendid voice of Miss Lilian Davies (Polly), Mr. Pitt Chatham (Macheath) and the rest of the clever company singing the entrancing music which Mr. Frederic Austin has composed on the 200-year-old airs.

MAJORITY DOWN TO 13.

Free Commons Vote on Demand for National Minimum Wage.

By a majority of only thirteen—189 against and 176 for—a Labour motion calling for a commission on minimum wages was defeated last night in the Commons.

The result was received with Labour cheers and cries of "Another Liverpool." The Government Whips were not put on, the decision being left to the free vote of the House.

During the debate Sir Mark Conway said that a minimum wage for everyone was an admirable ideal, but with our limited wealth was at present impossible.

Mr. Boyd Carpenter, replying for the Government, said that a national minimum wage was not a thing that it had proved a failure. It would, moreover, be impossible to arrive at any sound conclusions as to what should be the basis of such a wage.

"COERCED" WIVES.

Woman Acquitted—Magistrate Says She "Ought to Obey Husband."

"There is a very wise presumption in law, founded on the wisdom of centuries, that a wife acting with her husband acts by his orders and under his command, as is her duty."

Thus did Mr. J. A. Symmons, the Marylebone magistrate, approve the doctrine of coercion yesterday, when a husband and wife were charged with stealing their employer's property.

The husband pleaded guilty, and Mr. Symmons told the wife that if she acted in the presence of her husband, acted with him all the time, she, as his wife, would be presumed to be acting under his orders, "because he is your lord and master."

What she did in that way would be in obedience to his commands, she having promised before the altar to obey him.

The woman promptly pleaded not guilty and was discharged. The husband was fined £5.

OUR MONEY FOR ARABS.

Subsidies to Arab rulers were under consideration, said the Duke of Devonshire in the Lords last night, and he hoped shortly to make a statement of Government policy in relation to the Middle East.

'RAG' SECRET OF TOOT-AN-KUM-IN.

Phineas as Pharaoh in Cambridge Revels.

CAPTURED MASCOT.

Undergraduates Open New "Luxor Tomb."

The crowning surprise of a charity "rag" carried through by Cambridge undergraduates yesterday was when Phineas, the well-known Highlander mascot of University College, London, was produced from the tomb of "Toot-an-Kum-In."

Phineas was captured on February 26, but the secret of his whereabouts had been well guarded.

The organisers of the rag, an undergraduates' society known as the "Caius Co-Optimists," were aided and abetted by naval officer students.

Phineas, when "exhumed," was given his "Blue" decorated with the Caius College colours, light blue and black, and upon him was painted the date of his capture.

"ANGELS" ROPE SLIDE.

Lord Carnarvon, Cleopatra and a Harem Queen Impersonated.

Hundreds of people assembled on Cambridge Market-square for the unsealing of the "prehistoric Egyptian tomb," but none of the spectators and very few of the undergraduates who were taking part in the ceremony knew anything of the secret the tomb—an underground refuge—was to reveal.

When at last the tomb was opened and all kinds of strange treasures had been brought to light, with much ceremony the body of "Toot-an-Kum-In" was produced, and a great shout went up when it was found to be Phineas.

There was much ceremonial before the actual opening. Undergraduates as "native" police and "native" soldiers, very scantily clad in surplices and with towels round their heads, assisted the town police.

CLEOPATRA'S DANCING TROUPE.

A party of Caius men ingeniously made up as the Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress and civic dignitaries were early arrivals, as was another actor who impersonated Mr. Howard Carter.

The individual who made up as "Lord Carnarvon" was unfortunately delayed, and until his arrival the "native" bands, the lost tribes and Cleopatra with her dancing girls in the "cam-cam" amused the crowd.

The queen and the admiral of the harem, pushing perambulators, were, of course, there, as were a party of "American journalists."

On Lord Carnarvon's arrival there was a blast of trumpets, when two angels with golden wings slid down a rope from a tall building opposite and showed the way to the tomb.

SHY UNDERGRADUATES.

Dean Inge's Lament That So Many Girl Students Do Not Wed.

Of 12,607 women students who passed out of Oxford, only 657 married.

This fact, said Dean Inge yesterday at the Mansion House, astonished him. He was supporting an appeal for the permanent endowment of the four women's colleges at Oxford, and his allusion was to the attractive lady undergraduates who thronged the streets of Oxford with their "fetching caps."

"I hope," added the Dean, "that 77 per cent. will not be so hard-hearted as to take vows of perpetual maidenhood."

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—Fair, apart from local showers; morning mist in places; moderate day temperature. Lighting-up time to-night, 6.49 p.m.

Bomb carrying in Egypt is now punishable by death, said Lord Allenby.—Reuter.

Thames floods yesterday, in the highest tide of the winter, left gardens below Teddington West under water.

Fire Escape in Flames.—Dashing along Old Kent-road yesterday, a fire escape burst into flames that were put out by a hand extinguisher.

Houslows Telephone Exchange, serving Heath, Heston, Osterley Park, Uxbridge and Whitley, and taking over 345 Richmond subscribers, was opened yesterday.

Mystery Solved.—The woman found dead in an Ongar lane has been identified as Mrs. Fanny Bromberger, of Canal-road, Mile End-road, E., who had been missing since February 24.

Actor Bound Over.—Hugh Chilmann Buckler, who has played in "Decameron Nights," was bound over yesterday for obtaining credit for £46 without disclosing that he was an undischarged bankrupt. "The case" was the subject of a statement of Government policy in relation to the Middle East.



Mr. Symmons.

NATION'S REVOLT AGAINST CABINET WOBBLING

Action by London's Conservative and Liberal M.P.s on Rent Decontrol.

MR. N. CHAMBERLAIN NEW HEALTH MINISTER

Sir Wm. Joynson-Hicks Appointed Postmaster-General—Two More By-Election Tests Coming.

So widespread has the revolt become against the vacillating policy of the Government that Mr. Bonar Law is face to face with the possibility of an early defeat in the Commons.

Two more by-elections are coming—at Anglesey and Ludlow. These seats, too, may easily be won by the Opposition unless the Premier makes up his mind on rent decontrol, housing, reparations and Mesopotamia waste.

Both the Conservative and Liberal M.P.s of London have made representations to the Premier regarding rent decontrol. Conservative members went as a deputation and urged all-round decontrol in 1925.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain has been appointed Health Minister, it was officially announced last night. He is succeeded as Postmaster-General by Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the Overseas Trade Secretary.

RENT DECONTROL FOLLY LONDON UNIONIST M.P.S STIR UP THE PREMIER.

Commons Reverse Ahead If It Is Not Postponed.

TWO MORE BY-ELECTIONS.

By Our Lobby Correspondent.

The sensational defeat of Major J. W. Hills, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, at Edge Hill, Liverpool, was the talk of the political world yesterday. Its significance cannot be ignored.

It means that the wobbling of the Cabinet on the vital questions of housing and foreign policy has excited the alarm of the electors all over the country.

It is now clear that unless the Prime Minister definitely postpones the decontrol of rents until there is a sufficient supply of new houses the fate of the Government is sealed.

Mr. Bonar Law was credited yesterday with the determination to adhere to his plan to decontrol the higher-grade houses in June, 1924. If the Premier persists in this proposal, the Government is certain to be beaten in the lobbies as soon as a vote of the House is taken.

To add to the discomfort of the Government, two more by-elections are pending.

REVOLT SPREADING.

At Anglesey the vacancy is caused by the death of Sir Owen Thomas, who was returned at the General Election as an Independent.

The other forthcoming contest is at Ludlow, where, by the sudden death yesterday of the Earl of Plymouth, Lord Windsor, the Unionist member, succeeded to the peerage.

At the General Election Lord Windsor had a majority of 5,808, the figures being:—

Lord Windsor (U.)..... 11,787

Mr. E. C. Pryce (N.L.)..... 5,979

The Cabinet must realise by now that, as a result of their wobbling on both home and foreign affairs, there is no such thing as a "safe" seat just now.

The Cabinet can drift no longer. The feeling of revolt is spreading like a prairie fire to every part of the kingdom.

Only one course can safely be pursued. The Cabinet must abandon the declared policy of proceeding next year with the decontrol of middle-class houses.

No time can be lost in facing the ugly facts contained in the warnings from East Wiltshire, Mitcham and Edge Hill.

BACK RENT BILL.

"The Government has no intention of changing its policy. It is not a Coalition Government." ("Oh! Oh!")

So said the Attorney-General (Sir Douglas Hogg) yesterday, when the Standing Committee of the Commons again discussed the "Back Rent" Bill, and Labour members demanded its withdrawal or amendment.

Third Resignation.—Major Hill's resignation of his office of Financial Secretary to the Treasury has been accepted by the Prime Minister.

TURKS REJECT TREATY.

Lausanne Draft "Damaging to Our Independence," Says Angora.

Angora Assembly has rejected the Lausanne Treaty, says Reuter. The Government was authorised to pursue negotiations on the basis of the abolition of the financial and judicial capitulations, postponement of the Mosul question, the abandonment of Karagatch and reparations from Greece.

Turkish authorities, says a communiqué, "consider the Treaty unacceptable, as it contains stipulations damaging to our independence."

REPLY TO-DAY HINT.

Thirty-three of the forty-three London Unionist M.P.s were present at an interview yesterday with the Premier on the rent question.

The deputation's spokesman was Sir William Bull, who, says *The Daily Mirror* political correspondent, emphasised the following points:—

That decontrol should apply to all classes of houses.

That decontrol should come to an end at a fixed date "without any contingencies."

That the date of decontrol should be announced at once.

The date suggested was June, 1925.

Sir William intimated that his Unionist colleagues had a certain constructive policy to put before the Minister responsible for drafting the Bill.

WHERE DO WE STAND?

Their immediate desire was to the public who wished to invest in, and were affected by, building enterprise—builders, bankers, mortgagees, solicitors, surveyors, contractors, brick-makers, plumbers, carpenters, joiners—should know with "definiteness" exactly where they stood.

Sir William made it perfectly clear that his colleagues regarded the situation very seriously, as the Cabinet attitude of uncertainty was causing the utmost inconvenience.

He recommends a return to private enterprise, so that competition may play its former part when due notice of decontrol has been given.

The Prime Minister intimated that if the matter were deferred till to-day he might have an opportunity of consulting the Health Minister, but he gave it to be understood that he would not "tie his hands" in the meantime.

If, however, the deputation's views were not adopted he would see them again.

Mr. Bonar Law gave no hint of any possible change of Government policy.

LIBERAL M.P.S' DEMAND.

No Decontrol Till Housing Needs Have Been Met.

A meeting of the London Liberal M.P.s was held at the House of Commons last night, Mr. J. D. Gilbert presiding. The resolutions were passed unanimously:—

1. That in view of the present great housing shortage the Government should immediately produce adequate schemes for the building of new houses.

2. No decontrol of rents of any class of houses should take effect until a sufficiency of new houses is provided.

3. Any new Housing Bill should deal with houses which are now being held up for sale at exorbitant prices.

4. The Housing Bill should also deal with owners of houses and flats who are now demanding from probable tenants unreasonable capital sums for the purchase of furniture and other fittings.

5. The Housing Bill should also deal with the alterations of existing leases which prevent large houses being reconstructed and let for several tenants.

PROMOTED FOR SEEING CLUE.

Sergeant Postons, of the Cheshire County Police, who was the first to notice the red mark round the neck of Miss White, strangled in her villa at Bramhall, has been promoted inspector for his services in the case that resulted in Fred Wood being sentenced to death.



Rear-Admiral Cyril T. M. Fuller, whose appointment as Third Sea Lord is announced.



Mr. E. J. C. Webb, well known at lawn tennis tournaments, killed in motor-cycle accident.

THANKS BY RADIO FROM QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Diamond Jubilee Greeting to the Nation.

WIRE TO "DAILY MIRROR."

"Affectionate greetings to the British people" from Queen Alexandra were broadcast yesterday—the sixtieth anniversary of her arrival in this country to become Princess of Wales.

The special Diamond Jubilee message, which was sent out from all the British broadcasting stations, continued:—

From the day when I received such a magnificent welcome upon landing upon these shores in 1863 up to the present time I have always experienced the greatest kindness and consideration from all classes, and I shall ever remember with gratitude the loyal and devoted sympathy shown to me both in my joys and sorrows.

With a full heart I sincerely thank them.—ALEXANDRA.

The Editor of *The Daily Mirror* yesterday received the following telegram:—

Queen Alexandra sincerely thanks the Editor for the kind message which he sends her from the readers of *The Daily Mirror*, which she greatly appreciates.

Further messages were received by *The Daily Mirror* from:—

Bishop of London.—All will unite in acclaiming the Gracious Lady who came to our shores sixty years ago.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen.—We have telegraphed heartfelt congratulations to Queen Alexandra.

Lord Ashfield.—The whole Empire has every reason to join in sincere congratulations to Queen Alexandra on her Diamond Jubilee, and to wish her continued good health and happiness.

FROZEN FLOWERS GIFT.

Messages of congratulation from the highest and the humblest in the land poured in yesterday to Marlborough House, where Queen Alexandra spent the day very quietly.

She was visited by various members of the Royal Family and by some immediate friends.

One jubilee gift which has interested Queen Alexandra particularly was one of flowers frozen solid in a block of ice, sent by the Horticultural Society of Launceston (Tasmania).

REUNION DIFFICULTY.

Mr. Asquith and Liberal M.P.s Pledged to Support Government.

"Liberal unity is coming, I hope and believe quickly. There is no barring of the door that is always open," said Mr. Asquith, speaking last night at Cambridge.

Mr. Asquith characterised as "mischievous fiction" the suggestion that he was swayed by personal jealousies or animosities.

"Does anyone suppose," he asked, "that I have any unsatisfied ambitions of a personal kind? The one thing that keeps me in public life is that I may help to reinstate the Liberal Party in its old position as the custodian of our national fortunes."

Of the fifty-three National Liberal M.P.s up to March 1 twenty-six voted more often with the Government than with the Opposition.

He was not reproaching them. Some had made definite pledges to their constituents. But they could not be transformed at a moment's notice by private confabulations.

The difficulty of reunion was the legacy of the election, and that existed mainly in the Commons.

COLOGNE COMMANDER HOME.

General Godley to Report on Rail Agreement with French.

The report that an agreement has been reached between the French and British at Cologne regarding the running of French trains through the British zone was confirmed in official circles in London yesterday.

General Godley, the British commander, returned to London yesterday to report to the War Office and Government.

His message says Customs posts have been opened by the French at points in front of the British zone, and that there is an unbroken Customs barrier from the Dutch to the Swiss frontiers.

NEWPORT CORONER ON DESTROYED LETTERS.

Story of Bottle and Tin That Disappeared.

"SALT TASTE OF MILK."

Objection to a Will That Excluded Husband.

"It was unfortunate that every letter that had been written had been destroyed," remarked the Newport coroner yesterday during the resumed inquest on Mrs. Jenny Morgan, who, it has been stated, died from arsenical poisoning.

The coroner also commented on the disappearance of a bottle and a tin which the son Willie stated he had taken away with the intention of showing to a doctor. The hearing was adjourned till to-day.

Questioned regarding the weed-killer kept at the office where he worked, Willie Morgan said that his father was never in his office.

The coroner: Did Mrs. Carthy (Mrs. Morgan's niece) write asking you to meet her?—Yes, but I did not do so, and did not keep the letter.

Asked about a bottle of malted milk and tin of arrowroot, witness said he took them away after his mother's death with the intention of taking them to Dr. Lloyd Davies to get his opinion.

MRS. MORGAN'S WILLS.

What about?—I thought he might be able to throw some light on the question of how the specks had been in the arrowroot.

Witness added that before he had the opportunity of taking the bottle and tin to Dr. Davies they disappeared from a cupboard.

Witness was next questioned about the two wills Mrs. Morgan made.

The coroner: What was on the piece of paper Cyril read out that your mother did not agree with?—That the house and property should be sold at my mother's death, and the money divided equally amongst the three children.

In other words it excluded her husband, and to that she would not agree?—Yes.

Mrs. Webb, sister of Mrs. Morgan, was recalled, and the coroner asked her: Did you ever notice the salt taste of the malted milk you prepared for Mrs. Morgan?

Witness: Yes; either late in December or early in January.

Mrs. Morgan (continued Mrs. Webb) said: "I think it had tasted salt before," and she refused to take it.

The coroner: What did Morgan say?—He said: "I wonder if the girl in the house has put any salt in it."

Miss Stoddart, the girl in question, was called and in answer to the coroner denied emphatically that she had ever put any salt in Mrs. Morgan's food.

WITNESS' "STARTLING STATEMENT."

"I would rather not answer that question," the next witness, Alfred Enoch Webb (Mr. Morgan's brother-in-law) said, when the coroner asked had he ever heard Mr. Morgan make disparaging remarks about his wife.

The coroner: I must ask you to do so. Was it before or after death?—Certainly not after her death.

Did you ever hear him say anything which showed any ill-feeling against his wife?—I won't say he had any.

Mrs. Gertrude Kenwyn said Mrs. Carthy was to have entered her service, and her box came to the house. On the Saturday that Mrs. Morgan died Mr. Morgan called for Mrs. Carthy's box.

"I said to him," continued witness, "that I was not surprised, as I had heard Mrs. Carthy was going to be his housekeeper as soon as Mrs. Morgan died."

Morgan replied: "That is a lie. My wife died this morning."

The coroner: You know you have made a startling statement—that Morgan should tell you before he had gone home that the wife was dead?—I am absolutely certain about it.

MURDER TRIAL DRAMA.

Convicted Woman's Sixth Attempt at Suicide—Poison in Glove.

NEW YORK, Wednesday. A sensation was caused in a crowded court here to-day when Mrs. Paulette Saludes, who had just been pronounced guilty of murder in the second degree, took a small box from her glove and swallowed the contents, then falling writhing in pain.

It is stated that this is the sixth attempt at suicide made by the accused, since she was arrested on the charge of shooting in his office last October a man who, she alleged, had betrayed her.

After a physician had given her an emetic and had pronounced her out of danger Mrs. Saludes unsuccessfully attempted to dash her brains out against the wall of her cell.—Reuter.

TOWN CLERK GIVEN NOTICE.

Having failed to agree with their town clerk regarding the reduction of his salary from £1,500 to £1,368, St. Helens Town Council yesterday decided to give him three months' notice to terminate his engagement on June 30.



"GLAXO the only food that would agree with him"

This splendidly developed little boy's mother writes:—"Gordon has been fed on Glaxo since he was 2 months old—it being the only food that would agree with him. When baby was six months old we made a 13,000 miles

train and boat journey, but he gained weight steadily all the time. We are thankful to Glaxo for the benefit our boy has derived from it."

Give your Baby the Food which built this Bonnie Boy

Breast-feed your baby if you can—taking Glaxo yourself will help you to do so. But if for any reason you cannot feed baby, then the evidence is overwhelming that Glaxo is the "next-best-thing."

During the past fourteen years Glaxo has laid a firm foundation of health for hundreds of thousands of sturdy children—every day we receive a stream of letters and photographs from happy parents in gratitude for the splendid, sturdy babies built by this "wonder-food." Resolve that your baby shall be a bonnie Glaxo baby, and you, too, will realise the great joy of happy, successful motherhood.

—Ask your Doctor!

"The Proof of the Food is the Babies it Builds"

Ask your Chemist to show you the GLAXO FREEDER Price 1/6 in box.

Glaxo

The Super Milk

Visit the GLAXO Mothercraft Exhibition at Glaxo House Admission FREE

"Builds Bonnie Babies"

At your Chemist's—7 G : 4 G : 2 G : 1 G—in airtight sealed tins. GLAXO MALTED FOOD, for use in conjunction with Glaxo after the age of six months, is sold by all Chemists, 2/4 and 1/3

Send this Coupon and 1/- (stamps) To-day for the 156-page Glaxo Baby Book

If you have a baby, or expect a baby, you cannot afford to be without the Glaxo Baby Book. It is a perfect treasure-house of reliable information upon every phase of baby's life. To obtain as much knowledge of "mothercraft" as the Glaxo Baby Book will give you, you would have to buy several other books costing many shillings.

With the Glaxo Baby Book we will also send you, without extra charge, the following "mother-helps":

1. A GLAXO WEIGHT CHART.
2. AN ILLUSTRATED LIST OF GLAXO BABY CLOTHING PATTERNS.

And to Expectant Mothers only who state on the coupon the month Baby is due:

3. A copy of a special little book written by a doctor and entitled "BEFORE BABY COMES." This little book of 52 pages, besides chapters on Hygiene, Clothing, Exercise, etc., contains a section on Dietary, giving a variety of recipes especially suitable for the expectant mother.

A Doctor writes: "I have lent my Glaxo Baby Book, and have not had it returned, so I will be glad if you will send me another I find it most useful to mothers. Your enterprise in producing such an encyclopaedia of valuable information cannot but have a favourable effect upon the health of the next generation."

To GLAXO (Dept. 2) 56, OSNABURGH STREET, LONDON, N.W. 1.

Enclose 1/- (P.O. or stamps) for which please send me a copy of the 156-page GLAXO BABY BOOK, a GLAXO WEIGHT CHART and an illustrated LIST of Glaxo Patterns, as your offer in *Tatler* Mirror, March 8.

Name

Address

Town

County

Please send me also a copy of "BEFORE BABY COMES"

I expect Baby in (state month)

RONUK NURSERY RHYMES



There was an old woman had so much to do,
She had floors to polish and passages too,
One day she tried RONUK of polish the best,
And now the old woman has twice as much rest.

RONUK FLOOR POLISH

THE RONUK ZOO BOOK

A WONDER BOOK OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CHILDREN'S FAVOURITE ANIMALS IN THEIR NATIVE HAUNTS

To obtain a copy, send one of the parchment slips found inside a 10d. or larger tin of Ronuk Floor Polish, or the large label from a Ronuk Furniture Cream bottle or jar, together with your name and address and a 1d. stamp for return postage (inland only) to:

RONUK, Ltd., Dept. D.R. PORTSLADE, SUSSEX.

BOURNVILLE COCOA

C17

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate



THAT SEARCHING masterful passage of the MERITOR hair brush through the hair is not a machine-made attribute. It is caused by the fingers of handcraft giving the twist of genius to each tuft.

Your hair needs it, feels it and responds.

"The Gospel of the Brush," post free

MERITOR BRUSHES for PARTICULAR PEOPLE.

S. MAW, SON & SONS LTD., Aldersgate Street, LONDON, and at Barnet

No need to buy handkerchiefs often—once you install PYRAMIDS.

PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS for MEN

A Total Guaranteed Line.

1/3 each self-white and indelible color borders.

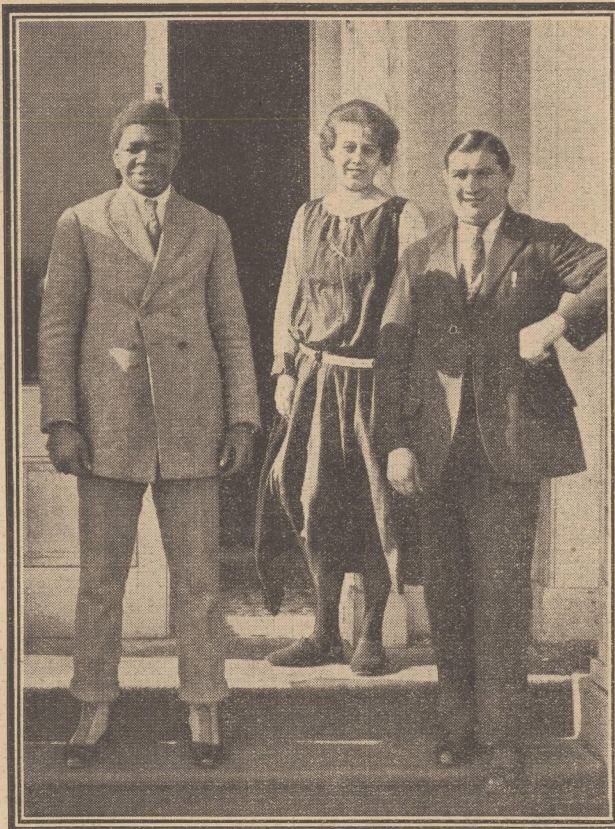
SIKI IN DUBLIN FOR HIS FIGHT WITH MIKE McTIGUE



Out for a spin on his bicycle, accompanied by his sparring partner, Eugene Stuber.



Chatting with men of the Civic Guard, a force which has superseded the R.I.C.



Battling Siki with his wife and his sparring partner outside their hotel.

Battling Siki is in strict training at Dublin for his fight there with Mike McTigue on March 17. Early to bed and early to rise is one of the most important rules observed by him.



LAST ELEPHANT DRIVE IN SIAM.—A herd of elephants in mid-stream during the last drive to be held in Siam. The expense of compensation for rice fields destroyed has now stopped the ancient sport.



STORY OF STOLEN SAFE.—Joseph Newson (left) and W. G. Wright, two of five men arrested in the East End in connection with the removal of a safe from the offices of Messrs. Rickett, Smith and Co., at Bethnal Green. The safe is said to have been recovered.



TO VILLAGE V.C.—A German machine gun granted to Theberton, Suffolk, in recognition of the posthumous award of a V.C. to a Theberton man. Near by is the grave of a German Zeppelin crew.

The Loveliest Bride of the Season

How She Found Happiness

The wedding was over. Congratulations had poured in on the lovely girl who was unanimously declared the prettiest bride of the season. The cake had been cut—the champagne drunk—the rice thrown. The bride had cried a very little and smiled a great deal, and finally driven gaily away with her adoring young husband in the luxurions limousine that was one of his wedding presents to her. For the "loveliest bride" had also made the best match of the season.

Peggy's mother, Mrs. Preston, could hardly believe it. After all her fears, Peggy was a huge success. It was Peggy, the erstwhile uninteresting Peggy, who had attracted the Prince, Charming of whom other girls only dream. And it was all due to—

"Mrs. Preston!"
She looked up with a start.
"Why Mrs. Farnaby, forgive me. I must have been day dreaming."

"Yes!" It must be a strangely sad thought "lovely thing for a mother to see her daughter married. But Peggy looked so radiantly happy and quite the loveliest bride I have ever seen."

"Thank you, dear," replied Mrs. Preston, smiling tremulously. "But where is Eileen? I thought she would be here."

"No, she said she felt so horribly dull and depressed that she wouldn't be out of place at such a gay gathering. She doesn't seem a bit the brighter for her trip abroad."

"Poor Eileen! She's such a sweet girl really."

"Mrs. Preston, tell me. A year ago Peggy was no better looking than Eileen. And now? Oh, it only I could do the same for Eileen!"

"My dear, you can. If you like, I will tell you the whole story."

"Oh, please do."
A year ago Peggy was a hopeless failure. I really despised her. Then, quite by chance, I read of a girl who was just like Peggy, and how, by gaining a beautiful skin, she became admired and successful! And I realised that, with a beautiful skin, Peggy's face would gain just what it lacked. I determined that Peggy should try the Cream that had worked such wonders for the girl in the magazine, Pompeian DAY Cream, the coolest, most deliciously fragrant cream you can imagine. Peggy began to use it regularly. In a few weeks the difference was apparent, and soon the improvement was truly marvellous. Peggy's cheeks became pure in tint, soft and velvety-looking as the petals of a rose. For the first time in her life she looked attractive. And the knowledge transformed her. She seemed another girl, radiant, fascinating, full of life.

"Oh, I only Eileen could breathe Mrs. Farnaby longingly."

"But she can," declared Mrs. Preston, positively.

"There is no reason why Eileen should not become just as lovely and successful as Peggy."

"It seems too good to be true."

Laying her hand gently over that of her friend Mrs. Preston went on: "I know exactly what you feel about Eileen—you want her to have that joy and happiness from life which loveliness above all brings, just as I want them for my Peggy. And I am sure Eileen will gain them if she will do as Peggy did—just use Pompeian DAY Cream regularly. Take my advice and buy Eileen a pot of Pompeian DAY Cream."

"Oh, I will," said Mrs. Farnaby, rising to bid goodbye to her husband. "Thank you a thousand times, I'm going to buy Pompeian DAY Cream now."

"And quite the loveliest bride I have ever seen."

"Laying her hand gently over that of her friend Mrs. Preston went on: "I know exactly what you feel about Eileen—you want her to have that joy and happiness from life which loveliness above all brings, just as I want them for my Peggy. And I am sure Eileen will gain them if she will do as Peggy did—just use Pompeian DAY Cream regularly. Take my advice and buy Eileen a pot of Pompeian DAY Cream."

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Pompeian Day Cream

(Vanishing!)
Makes the skin white and velvet-smooth. Is non-greasy. Cannot grow hair. Protects from wind, sun and dust. Removes face shine and is an ideal base for powder.

Made from the finest ingredients only, fragrant and pure as perfumed snow. Ask your chemist to day for Pompeian DAY Cream, price 2s. 6d. per pot.

Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian
GUARANTEE: The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., Horsforth, Leeds.

Lovely Mary Pickford Pompeian Art Panel

FREE

From Your Chemist!

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honoured Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Art Panel.

The reduced black and white reproduction at side cannot give any adequate idea of the exquisite colours of this Panel, which faithfully portrays the rare loveliness and charm of Miss Pickford. For its colouring alone the 1923 Pompeian Art Panel would be worth at any Art shop, and the exclusiveness of its subject renders it almost priceless.

For a strictly limited period you can get one of the famous Mary Pickford Pompeian Art Panels absolutely FREE from your Chemist with your purchase of Pompeian DAY Cream or any other Pompeian Beauty Preparation.

Look for the Mary Pickford Panel in your chemist's windows. Then so in and buy your Pompeian Beauty Preparations at once and be in time for your Panel.

THE POMPEIAN CO. (Dept. H 115), Horsforth, LEEDS

Reproduction of the portrait of 1923 Art Panel (size 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches). D. C. T. 1923. In colours FREE from your chemist, see offer at side.

THE POMPEIAN CO. (Dept. H 115), Horsforth, LEEDS

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THE POMPEIAN CO. (Dept. H 115), Horsforth, LEEDS

The scene that's depicted below
Is a washing day ages ago,
Though RESTU they'd none
The washing was done



Can you write a line worth £50?

- 1st Prize £50
2nd „ £20
3rd „ £10
4th „ £5
5th „ £3
6th „ £2

20 Prizes of 10/- each
and 100 other Prizes.

The prizes will be awarded for the most appropriate
last line to the unfinished LIMERICK given above.

CONDITIONS.

- (1) Each effort should bear the name and address of the sender, and must be written on the back of the front panel of a 3rd packet of "RESTU" and addressed to:—"RESTU," Wm. GOSSAGE & SONS, LTD., WIDNES.
- (2) Send in as many efforts as you like, provided in each case you comply with condition No. 1.
- (3) The decision of WILLIAM GOSSAGE & SONS, LIMITED, must be accepted as final, and no correspondence in connection with this competition will be entered into.

Last Day for receiving Entries—31st March 1923.
Names of Cash Prizewinners will be announced
in "The Daily Mirror."



Restu

WASHES WHITE OVERNIGHT.

Soak the Clothes Overnight in Restu and Cold Water,
Rinse Next Morning, and Hang Them out To Dry.

THE MORE REST YOU NEED—THE MORE YOU NEED RESTU.

Res. 51-176.

WILLIAM GOSSAGE & SONS, LTD., WIDNES, LANCASHIRE.

Page Woodcock's Pills

INDIGESTION

should be checked immediately, otherwise it will certainly
undermine the strongest constitution. Sufferers from this
complaint and its many attendant evils
would be well advised to obtain Page
Woodcock's Pills to-day. For 70 years
they have been proved to be the un-
rivalled remedy for Indigestion,
Constipation, Stomach, Kidney and Liver
Troubles, Anaemia and General Disorder.

Sold by all Chemists 1/3 and 3/- per box.
Have cured millions. Why not you? 469

Sing a song



of tenpence

Sing a song of tenpence,
A packet full of food,
Sixty generous platefuls
And every spoonful good.

Cooked for just five minutes
'Tis ready now to eat:
Hearken to the chorus,
"What a perfect treat."

No American or other inferior Oats are ever used.
One packet goes nearly as far as two of other oats.
A. & R. SCOTT, LTD., Colinton, Midlothian.

10d. per Packet.



Scott's Porridge Oats

COOKED IN FIVE MINUTES



Admiration!

All eyes are on the woman with the soft, lovely
skin and clear, radiant complexion. She wins
admiration wherever she goes because her daily
habit of using Ven-Yusa non-greasy cream makes
her skin more noticeably lovely.

Owing to the revitalising oxygen contained in
it, Ven-Yusa Face Cream is able to impart a
natural softness and limpid clearness to the skin
and a healthy radiance to the complexion.

Ven-Yusa Cream, in its dainty opal jar, soon
finds a regular place in the toilet of all ladies who
take pride in their appearance. Ven-Yusa is a
skin- tonic of great value in the Spring and a beauty-
maker and complexion preserver par excellence.

VEN-YUSA

The Oxygen Face Cream

Ask for "Ven-Yusa Scented" or "Ven-Yusa Unscented"—both sold
by all chemists, hairdressers and stores at 1/3 per jar. Note that
each jar is hermetically sealed by a waxed and sterilized cork pad
under the aluminium lid to prevent contamination and to preserve
the cream.

DAINTY OPAL
TRIAL JAR
FREE.

A dainty miniature opal jar of Ven-Yusa will be posted free
in exchange for this coupon and 3d. in stamps (to cover
packing, return postage, etc.). Address O. E. Fulford, Ltd.,
Leeds. State whether you prefer "Ven-Yusa Scented" or
"Ven-Yusa Unscented."

O-Cedar Mop

Polish

Cheaper than ever—yet better

The New Model O-Cedar Polish Mop has five distinct
improvements and is entirely British made.
The amount of labour saved if you do it the O-Cedar
way is equal to an hour's work in ten minutes.

ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE.

Your dealer is authorised to guarantee all
O-Cedar products. Ask him about them.

Of all Stores,
Hardwaremen, &c.

4/9 and 5/9

Manufacturers:
THE CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO., Ltd.,
SLOUGH, BUCKS.



Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1923.

ANOTHER BLOW!

CAN THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT BE SAVED?

THREE Ministerial candidates have now been defeated in four days! Nothing seems to stay the tide that is rising against the Government.

The latest blow at Edge Hill is the most serious of all.

For the first time in its history, we believe, Tory Liverpool has sent a Labour man to Westminster. And if even the safest of constituencies thus turns to "rank treachery," where and how will Mr. Bonar Law be able to place his increasing troop of homeless and houseless henchmen?

Edge Hill significantly shows that even those who do not vote against him, do not take the trouble to vote for him.

The figures indicate that there were about 5,000 Conservative abstentionists who did not support the first Conservative Ministry we have had since 1905. This hardly looks like enthusiasm for the Administration that promised a "quiet time" for others, but has by no means secured a quiet time for itself.

Can the stricken Government save itself?

Housing is represented as the main cause of its troubles, but housing does not suffice to account for all.

Those multitudinous voters who are in revolt against the prospect of higher rents, added to their other troubles, had already the other troubles to worry them—troubles that may be summarised in the dread word *taxation*.

The average citizen knows that he is so mercilessly taxed because the misunderstood interests of Arabs and Zionist Jews are preferred to his own. Because huge sums are spent abroad, huge sums have to be raised at home. Because they are raised at home, homes are broken up and millions of the overtaxed turn at the last straw, in revolt against the prospect of being left at the mercy of decontrollers who discriminate against one class, and that the most hard-pressed class in the community. While Liberals squabble and Tories sit sulkily at home, Labour slips in triumphantly.

The Government wobbles had better invite recruits from amongst those of the rank and file who know their own minds. These may perhaps give the needed tonic.

Evidently it will not come from Mr. Law himself, who, on the eve of the Edge Hill catastrophe, was again gloomily explaining that he has no policy to offer in regard to the Central European crisis. His more alert friends must rouse him from this Mrs. Gummidge attitude of depression. There may be still hope for him if he acts promptly, although he will have for months to struggle against the impression of the country that he is only being goaded by calamity into the wiser courses he ought to have followed of his own free will.

THE LONELY MAN.

POSSIBLY one of the loneliest men on the face of the earth, said the Westminster coroner yesterday, in comment on the death of a bachelor who had a safe income of over two thousand a year; yet drifting in solitude from hotel to hotel, dying at last in one of them.

Would he have been so lonely had the world known that he possessed that income?

We fear he might then have found friends in spite of himself, poor fellow! As it was, he "escaped notice"—a thing the Greek philosopher advised the prudent to do.

Nowhere but in a big modern city would it be possible thus to avoid direct contact with humanity. In the country people call on a man. Here he may wander unrecognized in the crowd, like the haunted figure in one of Edgar Poe's most moving tales. And here was a "man of the crowd" whom the crowd knew not, as he moved, on two thousand a year, amongst them. W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Population Problems—First-Night Rowdiness—Waste of Time at the Universities—Dangerous Crossings.

POOR CHILDREN.

TO me it seems remarkable that anyone should question the necessity for birth control among the poorer classes.

Poor people, who have hardly enough money to keep themselves, proceed, through ignorance, to have enormous families of children, whom they cannot hope to provide for—ill-clad, underfed little urchins, who are turned into the streets for want of proper accommodation or supervision, very often in charge of brothers and sisters nearly as young as themselves.

What sort of a life can it be for either the mother or the children? Only one long struggle against the relentless hand of poverty? Yet when an intelligent, sympathetic woman endeavours to help these unenlightened mothers, everyone rises against her.

It is a pity that some of Dr. Marie Stopes'

WASTE OF TIME?

IF I had a son and wished him to become a real man, not afraid of work, I should certainly not send him to a university.

If, on the other hand, I desired him to degenerate into an M.P., Cabinet Minister, or something equally brainless, I should take care that he received a full university training.

VARSITY.

FEW young men who leave Oxford seem to find me to be much good for any kind of practical work.

I know of many young fellows who have been taken away from Oxford by their fathers because they have failed to pass quite simple examinations.

It is no small wonder, either, since most of

WHICH IS THE CONCEITED SEX?



The competition on this point between young girls and young men seems to be intense at the present day. For girls are no longer content to listen while a man talks about himself.

critics are not forced to live in a poverty-stricken entourage, with six or seven young children and very little to feed them on. S. H.

FIRST-NIGHT ROWS.

I AM very pleased to see that you have taken up the question of the riotous behaviour of a certain set of people who frequent first nights. I may say my evening at the first night of a recently-produced revue was completely spoiled by those who, during the performance, discussed in loud tones the evils of all the current plays in London.

This sort of thing is not fair to people who go to first nights in the true sporting spirit and who want to give actors and actresses the encouragement they deserve. F. M. H. Lincoln's Inn Fields.

LONDON'S DANGEROUS CORNERS.

ONE of the most dangerous places for traffic in London is where Regent-street, Mortimer-street, Langham-place and Cavendish-place meet.

As a motorist, going through there every morning about seven, I find that when coming down Langham-place the view of vehicles and pedestrians coming out of Cavendish-place is obscured by a monument and a cab shelter. As an improvement to lessen the great danger there I would suggest that the refuge on the south side of the crossing be moved four yards further south and the monument and cab shelter be moved to a more convenient place. A. T. Langham Hotel.

these young undergraduates spend their time talking in one another's rooms. Few attend lectures.

I have found that few undergraduates can write a letter in correct English. AN EMPLOYER.

ANCIENT AND MODERN FURNITURE.

CONNOISSEUR says that modern furniture of former centuries.

They have already done so and are increasingly exhibiting their ability to do so in the designs and ornaments of present-day furniture.

The recent exhibition at Olympia, which was the largest purely furniture exhibition ever held, contained examples of chairs, cabinets, etc., which represented the highest degree of cultured taste. A. WARNE BROWNE, F.C.I.S. General Secretary, the National Federation of the Furniture Trades.

11, Tavistock-square, London, W.C.1.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 7.—Onions should be sown as early as possible this month, but it is, of course, necessary to wait until the soil is in a friable condition. Onions need rich, deep ground; if heavy, mix in plenty of wood ashes and old soil. Before sowing tread light and down firmly. Let the drills be one foot apart and about half an inch deep.

Carnations that have been wintered in cold frames may be set out in prepared beds at this date. Plant firmly. E. F. T.

A BIOGRAPHY OF SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

MR. A. G. GARDINER'S ACCOUNT OF A FAMOUS STATESMAN.

THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT. By A. G. Gardiner. 2 volumes, 48s. net. Published To-day. (Constable).

SIR William Harcourt remembered by the present generation?

If not, this is a good moment for recalling the nearly extinct tradition he represents. What would he, "the last of the economists," have said of the present standards of public expenditure?

As one reads Mr. Gardiner's lucid account one seems to hear the explosions of wrath with which Sir William would have saluted our post-war policies.

When Lord Rosebery took over the leadership, after Gladstone's retirement in 1894, Liberalism yielded itself to the Imperialistic mood, then sweeping over the country.

The story of that memorable succession is here plainly told for the first time—how Gladstone did not recommend Rosebery to the Queen, but how Lord Morley inexplicably supported him against Harcourt, who had borne the burden and heat of the day in exile and in office; how Queen Victoria sent for the fascinating, eloquent peer, in preference to the blunt and irascible commoner; how the two thereupon worked as two, rarely as one; but continually disagreed, until, at times, they were not on speaking terms.

But Rosebery's was for the time the popular attitude undoubtedly. Harcourt in his party, like Lord Randolph Churchill in his, was labouring for a lost cause.

Sir William had at least one of the defects of Lord Randolph. He had a quick temper.

THE CIGAR HABIT.

However, this temper of Sir William makes him all the more human; as do the other minor traits that here relieve the pure politics.

The cigars, for example. Sir William was rarely without one. "Heavens! does Harcourt smoke?" asked Mr. Gladstone, that austere moralist. Indeed, Sir William did. He smoked any sort of cigar, good or bad, so long as it was large. He kept these cigars loose in his pockets for production at all times. He smoked mechanically. Once, at the annual selection of sheriffs:—

He sat on high as President of the Court, robed like Solomon in all his glory. Suddenly he was seen to begin an exploration of his pockets. "Good Lord," said Louisa, (Lewis Harcourt, clutching my arm, "he can't be going to smoke." "If he finds a cigar," I replied, "he will undoubtedly put it in his mouth; but the worst may not happen. He hopes he has no matches." Apparently he had none, for the crisis passed.

With unceremonious smoking went a certain indifference to ceremonial dress:—

One day in the eighties when he was Home Secretary, he attended a levee held by the Prince of Wales, and having forgotten to put on his sword, was stopped by one of the court officials and told that he could not pass without it. "Does Mr. Bright wear a sword when he comes to a levee?" asked Harcourt. "No, but Mr. Bright is a Quaker," replied the official.

"So am I—for to-day," said Harcourt, and passed on.

Here, one can only touch on a point or two in these two thick volumes. They end on the fitting epitaph—"an English name." Yes; Harcourt was a true, a very honest Englishman.

EXTREME NERVOUSNESS.

How it Should be Dealt with.

The steady use of a particular set of muscles tends to chronic fatigue, which produces faulty or difficult motion, trembling, cramp, and even paralysis. Clerks, telegraphists, tailors and seamstresses are among the classes most threatened in this way with loss of their power to earn a living. Brain workers, too, are liable to be affected. The only safeguard is to keep up a supply of nerve force through the blood, which carries to the nerves the food that supports their strength.

The best thing to do when threatened with nervous trouble is to nourish the nerves by building up the blood. This is the mission of Dr. Williams' pink pills. The new rich blood created by these pills supplies the nerves with just the elements they need. A course of Dr. Williams' pink pills will quickly give you renewed nerve force. Your spirits will revive, and energy will return, and there will be a new joy in life.

So begin to-day to build up your nervous system anew by commencing Dr. Williams' pink pills. Of chemists, or from an address below, 3s. 6d. per box. Good for men and women, too.

An instructive booklet on the home treatment of nervous disorders will be sent to all readers who write to Postal Dept., 35, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1. It is quite free.—(Adv.)



"Weather wisdom"

When wintry weather is against you. "ATORA" is for you.

Experienced parents keep the children warm and well by selecting food that builds-up resistance against adverse weather conditions.

There is nothing like good puddings to generate warmth and comfort. "ATORA" Beef Suet makes good puddings. There is no part of a meal so well calculated to "stand by" the children, satisfy their growing needs, and yet keep up full energy and vitality in the long sessions of the morning and afternoon school. Science tells us that growth is due to vitamins and suet—"ATORA" is the best—is one of the richest of all vitamin-containing food substance.

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HUGON'S

BEEF SUET

is sold only in packets by all Grocers.

1-lb 1/4 1/2 1/2-lb. 8d. 1/2-lb. 4d. Small pkt. 2d.

"ATORA" Recipes. Send a postcard to-day for the "ATORA" Booklet of nearly 100 tested recipes for puddings, pies, savouries, etc.

HUGON & CO., Ltd., — The originators of refined Beef Suet, — MANCHESTER.

Cadbury's

KING GEORGE 1/- PER 1/4 lb

ASSORTMENT

See the name CADBURY on every piece of Chocolate

Oxo £100 Puzzle

The thousands of solution sheets received are being examined as rapidly as possible, and it is hoped to announce the result during this month.

Successful competitors will be duly advised by post.

Don't get run
down - take

OXO

OXO Ltd., Thames House, London, E.C.4.



16 Colours
Jet Black (Gloss)
Dull Black
Cardinal Red
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Navy Blue
Cadet Blue
Victory Blue
Sage Green
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Cerulean
Burnt Sienna
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Re-wearing last year's Hat

Nobody need know that the straw hat is the one you wore last year if you renew it with COLORITE.

You can get COLORITE in 16 fashionable colours or shades. It is waterproof and durable and can be applied by a child.

Think twice about buying a new hat, when you can give this year's look to last year's hat!

Chemists and Stores sell COLORITE at 1/4 per bottle, including brush. Ask to see the COLORITE Colour Card.

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STRAW HAT DYE

There is no substitute for COLORITE. If unobtainable in your locality, write to Henry C. Gellish & Co., 4/5, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4.



CARR'S TABLE WATER BISCUITS

are not the ordinary water biscuits. Try them and you will appreciate the difference.

MADE ONLY BY
CARR & CO. LTD.
CARLISLE



Did you notice her hands?

That's what men so often say. Don't let your hands get rough and red and chapped with this year's Spring cleaning. If you use Hustler you can keep "party hands" always.

With Hustler you can do all your washing and cleaning very quickly and easily without much time or hard work—and with no soda at all. And it's soda that is the cause of coarse hands. No woman need have coarse hands, however busy she is, if she uses Hustler.

HUSTLER SOAP

JOHN KNIGHT, LTD. LONDON, E.16.



Mr. H. O. Nicholson, who has made a great success as the irascible old uncle in "The Bad Man."



Miss Zita Guinness, older daughter of Mrs. Richard Guinness, a prominent society hostess.

WAKING UP!

At the Russell Case-Film and the Churchill-Famous Tenor's Birthday.

BY THE LOSS of the three seats at Willesden, Mitcham and Liverpool the Government has sustained a defeat which even its friends do not seek to minimise. I was, indeed, struck yesterday by the energetic candour displayed by some Ministerial organs. These newspapers, a week ago, pooh-poohed the warnings uttered by *The Daily Mirror*, which pointed out that the Government's wobbling and indecision had alienated feeling throughout the constituencies. Yesterday they were repeating all we recently said.

Giving Them Away.

It is, indeed, highly unfortunate that the Government's lack of backbone has resulted in handing two seats to Socialists. If the Cabinet will bring its policy into line with public sentiment it will fare better, but I fear that an extensive reconstruction of the Government will have to be undertaken before this can be achieved. On no single issue now before the nation is there any popular support for the Government.

A Fatal Step.

The suggestions made in some newspapers that the Government should be "stiffened" by the inclusion of some ex-Coalition Ministers are really amusing. That would be like adding water to jelly. More vigorous members of the Conservative Party would be antagonised by the appearance on the Front Bench of men who were intimately associated with the policy of Mr. Lloyd George's Administration. This "stiffening" would, therefore, antagonise the House of Commons as well as the rank and file in the constituencies.

Proctor Stories.

The Cambridge public orator has been telling stories about proctors in "The Granta." Why did he not include the story of the undergraduate who, having been fined 40s. by the proctor, delivered to him 160 threepenny bits, maintaining his right to do so on the ground that silver was "legal tender" for precisely that amount?

Two R.A.s.

The late Sir James Shannon, R.A., must not be confused with Mr. Charles Shannon, R.A. The two were not related. Sir James was an American, who settled in this country when he was sixteen. Before he was nineteen he had painted a portrait of one of Queen Victoria's Maids of Honour, and by her Majesty's command it was shown in the Academy Exhibition of 1881. Other well-known portraits he did include Phil May, Henry Irving, and Martin-Harvey as Sydney Carton.

Last Night's Dance.

The Countess of Crawford, who gave a dance last night, is a striking personality wherever she goes, for she is very dark and tall, and would, one always feels, look well garbed as an Eastern Sultana! She has a large family, consisting of two sons and six daughters, and it was for her elder children, and particularly for her second girl, Lady Anne Lindsay, that the dance was given.



Lady Crawford.

To-night.

A dance will be given to-night by Mme. van Swinderen, the wife of the Dutch Minister, who, like so many hostesses, is an American. Tall and

fair, she might almost be Dutch from her appearance, and I believe she speaks her husband's language like a native. She is not the only transatlantic member of the Corps Diplomatique. The Belgian Ambassador's wife is also an American.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Edward Lloyd Still Singing.

Edward Lloyd, the famous tenor, who is now living in retirement at Worthing, was seventy-eight yesterday. His health is excellent, and, as recently as last Christmas, he gave great pleasure to some of his friends by singing to them. He gave "I'll sing thee songs of Araby" and Cowen's "The sea hath its pearls" in a voice which is still remarkable.

Lord Knutsford and City Churches.

Those who love the City churches had better be buckling on their armour, for Lord Knutsford has entered the lists on the side of the Bishop of London. In the visitors' book at All Hallows, in Lombard-street, I yesterday came across this significant entry: "Knutsford, London Hospital. A hater of wrongly-used money." All Hallows is one of the first of the City churches which would go under any big scheme of demolition.

Cinemas and Churches.

The film is being impressed into the service of religion. I notice that arrangements are being made for a complete film record of the more prominent features of the forthcoming Anglo-Catholic Congress. For some years past, however, cinematograph services have been held at the Church of St. Mary-at-Hill, near the Monument.

Thin and Thick Drama.

"The Great Broxopp," at the St. Martin's Theatre, where High Brow hob-nobs discreetly with Mammon, they do things with great solemnity. A gentleman at a hidden piano plays impressive chords which have a dying fall! Then the theatre is plunged into darkness and remains so for a few seconds. Gradually the footlights throw up a glow of light, and when the sun, so to speak, has fully risen, up goes the curtain. But it doesn't make a bad play good.



Mr. Edmund Gwenn.

Solemnity.

At the St. Martin's Theatre, where High Brow hob-nobs discreetly with Mammon, they do things with great solemnity. A gentleman at a hidden piano plays impressive chords which have a dying fall! Then the theatre is plunged into darkness and remains so for a few seconds. Gradually the footlights throw up a glow of light, and when the sun, so to speak, has fully risen, up goes the curtain. But it doesn't make a bad play good.

Broadcast Sermons!

I cannot share the enthusiasm of the Rev. Thomas Nightingale for the broadcasting of sermons. It seems to me that those who listen to discourses thus disseminated will miss alike the personal magnetism of the preacher and the opportunity of calm reflection on the printed word. Incidentally, they will also be provided with a fresh excuse for stopping away from church.

"The Ballad Monger."

The revival of "The Ballad Monger" reminds one that Sir Walter Besant, who adopted it from Banville, in collaboration with Walter Herries Pollock, always hankered after a great dramatic success, but never quite attained one. He once told a friend of mine, however, that his moderate successes on the stage had been more lucrative, in proportion to the time and labour involved, than his most widely-circulated novels.

From My Diary.

Greatness of soul, or wealth of intellect, is what makes a man happy.—Schopenhauer.

For the Housewife.

An overwhelming success has been achieved by *The Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia. At stands are to be seen such things as teapots which make tea to perfection, ovens which turn out delightful cakes, ice-cream machines which make ices by the pint or quart as required on the dinner-table by the simple process of turning a handle, and can-openers which bring new principles of mechanics to bear on an often troublesome domestic task. There are, in fact, a hundred and one ideas which must be seen by the housewife to be appreciated.

Mrs. Russell in the Box.

Mr. Patrick Hastings, K.C., spoke for an hour in his speech on behalf of Mrs. Russell. It was a great flight of eloquence. Then Mrs. Russell went into the box. She was dressed in black morocain, and wore a large black hat. She clasped her hands tightly together, but betrayed no signs of nervousness. She spoke with a slight drawl, and several times her answers made the Court laugh.

Encouraging a K.C.

As soon as it became known that Mrs. Russell was giving evidence barristers crowded in to listen to her cross-examination by Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, K.C. Sir Edward commenced to ask his questions in almost a gentle voice. The Judge told him that he need not be afraid to speak up—the jury would not think he was trying to browbeat the witness. Despite the character of the evidence, many women remained in court.

No. 1, Curzon-Street.

No. 1, Curzon-street has come into prominence during the hearing of the Russell divorce case. Although Mrs. Russell carries on a dressmaking business there, one would scarcely suspect it, as the house looks like a private residence—but for the "dinky" pink silk curtains! It has never been used for a business before, its previous owners at different times having been Sir Valentine and Lady Murray, Sir George Prescott and Colonel Clive Wigram, the assistant private secretary to the King.

Queen Alexandra and Tennyson.

A correspondent reminds me of an interesting recollection of Queen Alexandra which is to be found in Lord Tennyson's Life of his father. In 1879 Tennyson read to the Princess of Wales—as she then was—his "Welcome to Alexandra," and "the fact of his reading his own complimentary poem to the Princess herself somehow struck them both as being so ludicrous that he dropt the book on the floor and both went into fits of uncontrollable laughter."



Lady Phyllis Windsor-Clive, daughter of the Earl of Plymouth, whose sudden death was reported yesterday.



Miss Jeanette Sherwin, daughter of Mme. Amy Sherwin, to marry Mr. James Jolly in New York to-day.

Wedding Postponement?

I hear that Miss Paula Gellibrand is very ill at her home in Kensington, and that her wedding may have to be postponed. It was to have taken place next week.

Lord Plymouth.

The Earl of Plymouth, who died on Tuesday, belonged to a tiny group in the Lords who had what might be called the civic mind, and never failed to be of use in a situation where either the fine arts or civics were concerned. There remain of this group Lord Crawford, Lord Esher, Lord Ferrers and, perhaps, one or two others. Lord Plymouth will be sorely missed in many art and civic circles.

Directions in Detail!

M. Poincaré's directions to members of the French diplomatic service are remarkably minute. During the Lausanne Conference, I am told, he sent M. Barrère a special dispatch, instructing him in the art of hospitality—telling him on what ceremonial occasions champagne must appear on the table, and on what occasions *rien ordinaire* would suffice.

Two-Day Film.

A few weeks ago the Stoll film people invited the leading people in the industry to see a three-mile picture which took four hours to show. Now a gentleman from the Potteries, Mr. A. G. Granger, is inviting people to a picture which takes two days to see. It is called "Dr. Mabuse," and is made in Germany, with Cubist setting and impressionistic lighting effects.

THE RAMBLER.

How to Make, Mend, Do everything for the Home

13

HARMSWORTH'S
HOUSEHOLD ENCYCLOPEDIA
For Handyman & Housewife

PRACTICAL GUIDE TO ALL HOME CRAFTS
Simple illustrations

Making & Mending
Antique Repairs
Plumbing
Dyeing & Staining
Dressmaking
Bookbinding
Furniture
Gardening
Painting
Paperhanging
Sewing
Carpentry
Electricity
Cooking
Baking
Canning
Preserving
Pickling
Fermenting
Cheese Making
Butter Making
Ice Cream Making
Candy Making
Confectionery
Bread Making
Pastry Making
Cakes & Biscuits
Pickles & Preserves
Jams & Marmalades
Sauces & Dressings
Pickled Vegetables
Canned Fruits
Canned Meats
Canned Fish
Canned Soups
Canned Stews
Canned Sauces
Canned Gravies
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Useful "Lightning Calculator" free with this Part

Parts 1, 2 & 3

of this great Money-Saving work of Home Reference

NOW ON SALE

10,000 ARTICLES & 10,000 PICTURES

including many COLOURED PLATES, Photographs, Designs, etc.

FORTNIGHTLY PARTS

1/3 per Part

£10,000,000 WILL OF AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE

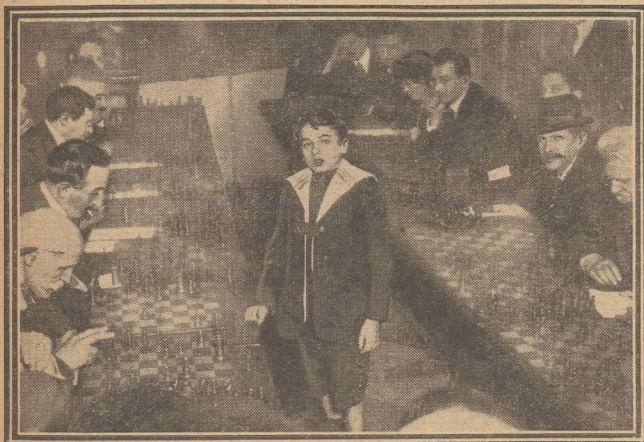


The late Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, whose estate is worth nearly £11,000,000.



Consuelo Duchess of Marlborough with her son, Lord Ivor Spencer Churchill. She was Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's daughter.

The estate of the late Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt will be divided mainly between his two sons, W. K. Vanderbilt and Harold Vanderbilt. The documents show that he gave his daughter Consuelo about £1,030,000 when she married the Duke of Marlborough and another £3,000,000 just before his death. After divorcing the Duke she married a French officer.



THIRTEEN-YEARS-OLD CHESS PRODIGY.—Aristide Gromer, aged thirteen, playing simultaneously twenty of the most skilful chess players in France. The games took place in Paris. The youthful prodigy won fifteen games, lost one and drew four.



Mules are proverbially obstinate, but Kate, of No. 5 Park Battery, Aldershot, is the exception that proves the rule.



The baby kangaroo whispers a secret. Sent by Mr. J. G. Emmett, of New Cross-road, London, S.E.

AN AFFECTIONATE FAREWELL.—The note of goodwill is sounded by these two happy photographs submitted in the Pets' Pictures Competition, which is now closed.

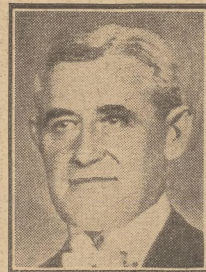
DARK BLUES FIRST ON



The Oxford crew taking their boat down to the river at Putney. They will stay till to-day, when flapperdom will decide.



Yesterday's Cambridge rag: "Lord Carnarvon" inspecting some of mummies taken from the tomb of "Toot-an-Kum-in."



APPOINTMENT.—Mr. J. A. Hawke, K.C. M.P., who has been appointed Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales in succession to Sir Douglas Hogg, now Attorney-General to the Crown.



HOLBORN BARRED.—High Holborn, one of the main arteries of London, entirely closed to traffic during reconstruction of the road surface. Much temporary congestion is caused in Theobald's-road and Gray's Inn-road.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



KING TOOT-AN-KUM-IN from Toot-an-Kum-In's more than Phineas, the London weather damped the entire graduates at Cambridge.

WON ON AN OBJECTION

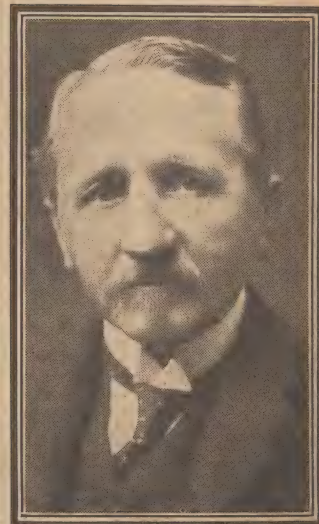


Cheltenham, in the paddock after the race. On the right is Duke's swerve, was disqualified for crossing and boring.

SUDDEN DEATH OF THE EARL OF PLYMOUTH



Viscountess Windsor, wife of the new Earl, and her baby daughter.



The Earl of Plymouth.

The death has taken place suddenly in London of the Earl of Plymouth, at the age of sixty-five. A remarkably versatile man, he was closely associated with South Wales, and had also held several prominent public posts. The succession of his son, Viscount Windsor, necessitates a by-election at Ludlow, Salop.



Viscount Windsor, M.P. for the Ludlow Division of Salop, who succeeds to the earldom.



NOT LIKELY!—An incident in the "Incredible Happenings" scene from the revue "Rats," at the Vaudeville Theatre. The Scotsman (Mr. Alfred Lester) buying a drink for his friend and telling the barmaid to keep the change!



entry at the Cheltenham photographs.)



BI-CYCLE DEATH.—Mr. [Name], a director of Slaven's, known as the man with the [Name], has been killed in a motor-cycle accident.



BOTTOMLEY'S BANKRUPTCY.—Horatio Bottomley, with his right arm still in a sling, arriving at the Bankruptcy Buildings for his adjourned public examination yesterday. He looked very careworn.



VILLAGE DOUBLE TRAGEDY.—Mrs. Rosa Parker and her baby, who were found with their throats cut at Pegsdon, near, Amptill, Bedfordshire. Mrs. Parker's mother is charged with murder.



SUIT AGAINST MAYOR.—Mr. Tomlinson Lee, plaintiff in a slander action against the Mayor of Wimbledon in connection with Mr. Lee's dismissal as borough electrical engineer.

A FLORAL DANCE

Those dancers who have not yet experienced the joys of the special nights at the Palais, which are held periodically in aid of many of London's charitable appeals should certainly not miss this event, which promises to be a revel of marvellous gaiety.

Apart from the six hours continuous dancing, there is to be a Battle of Flowers, a Fancy Dress Competition, and a Fox-trot Competition, for which many valuable prizes will be presented, whilst, carnival novelties will be distributed as usual in generous profusion.

There will also be a Surprise event, the winner of which will become entitled to six final photographs kindly promised by Messrs. Swaine, the noted photographers, of New Bond Street.

Tickets may be obtained from the Appeal Organiser, Miss Ruth Mahony, 141a, Oxford Street, W., or direct from the Palais de Danse.

MI-CARÈME CARNIVAL and BATTLE OF FLOWERS

In aid of the Funds of
THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN
TO-MORROW

FRIDAY, MARCH 9th, 1923.

Fancy, Evening or Ordinary Dress	ADMISSION 5/-	Dancing from 8 p.m. till 2 a.m.
--	-------------------------	---------------------------------------

Under the distinguished patronage of
THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE
who will present the prizes.

TWO SESSIONS DAILY

Afternoons from 3 to 6
p.m., 2/6.

Evenings from
8 to 12 p.m.

Monday, Wednesday and
Friday, 2/6.

Tuesday, Thursday and
Saturday, 5/-.

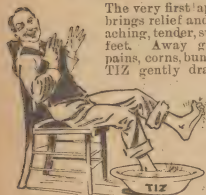
Novelty Nights :
Thursdays.



PALAIS DE DANSE

The
Talk
of London HAMMERSMITH
W. F. Mitchell,
Sole Managing Director. H33 230

"TIZ" puts new life in Aching, Tired Feet



The very first application of TIZ brings relief and comfort to those aching, tender, swollen, perspiring feet. Away go all aches and pains, corns, bunions and chafings. TIZ gently draws out through the skin pores all the acid and poisons which make the feet swell, throb and ache. No more agonising torture—your shoes will feel easy and comfortable. In a few minutes you can walk, run or dance with perfect ease and freedom. Don't suffer another minute when you can get certain relief and cure so easy, quick and cheap.

Ask your chemist for the genuine 1/3 size TIZ, the only foot remedy in the yellow box bearing the Government medicine stamp and signature of W. L. DODGE, Ltd., Barnes, S.W.13.

SHERLEY'S WORM CAPSULES for Dogs.

A Certain Cure for a trouble that affects most dogs at times, causing DIARRHOEA, LOSS OF CONDITION, SICKNESS, and a Staring Coat. Also

SHERLEY'S WORM CAPSULES for PUPPIES & TOY DOGS.

and for Dogs of the size of Airedales and upwards.

SHERLEY'S WORM CAPSULES for LARGE DOGS.

ALL IN BOXES.
1 Price 13, 2/6 & 3/6.

Get all Stores, Chemists and Corn Merchants.

A. F. SHERLEY & CO., Ltd., 18, MARSHALDALE RD., LONDON, S.E.1



Write for the
useful Book

HINTS
TO DOG
OWNERS

Price 3d.

Post free.

Sharp's Home-Made Super-Kreem Toffee is packed in beautifully modelled little cottages. When the contents are eaten the cottages make excellent money boxes for the kiddies.

The House you want!

Sir Kreemy Knut and his mother, Dame Sweet, have set up in business as house agents. They are selling thousands upon thousands of country cottages at a shilling each, every cottage with a roof that lifts up and shows inside—SHARP'S HOME-MADE SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE.

This new flavour of Super-Kreem is exactly like the toffee mother used to make—only creamier! Ask your confectioner for a shilling cottage and try it—you will be delighted.

Sold in 1/-, 1/6 and 4lb. sizes.

SHARP'S ASSORTED SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE now consists of six varieties: Plain, Home-made, Coconut, Chocolate, Coffee, and Almond.

£250 PAINTING COMPETITION for Boys & Girls under fourteen. Ask your confectioner for full particulars.

SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

E. SHARP & SONS, Ltd., KREEMY WORKS, MAIDSTONE.

simply lovely stews

You can give the simplest stew a lovely distinctive flavour if you add a dash of Marmite: and even a dash of Marmite means much greater nourishment. For Marmite is the richest known food in Vitamin B, which doctors insist is essential to health. That is why doctors recommend you to use it for soups, stews, sauces, gravies, sandwiches, etc. Vitamins are the life in food.

Marmite is so cheap to buy, and it saves you money in a hundred ways in the kitchen.

Marmite

The Vitality Food with the lovely flavour.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send a card to

MARMITE FOOD EXTRACT CO., Ltd., 59, Eastcheap, E.C.

from 6d.
per 1 oz. jar.
2 oz. 10d.
4 oz. 1/6
8 oz. 2/6
16 oz. 4/6
at all grocers.

Now's the time for hot Cornflour Puddings.

For growing children there is no better-balanced or more nourishing food than the good old-fashioned milk and cornflour puddings they love so well.

Try one of these favourites for to-day's dinner and make the children happy.

Cocoanut Pudding. Caramel Custards. Cornflour Custard Pudding. Sultana Pudding. Simple Baked Pudding.

Puddings that please are made with ease with

Brown & Polson's Corn Flour

1 lb. 9d., 1/2 lb. 4d., 1/4 lb. 2d.

Recipe Book "A," containing many pudding recipes and hints, free from Brown & Polson, Ltd., 6, Boulevard Street, London, E.C.4. Enclose 1d. for postage.



MAMMY'S CHAIR

is drawn up to the fire. She has her large apron on and has tested the bath water with her elbow. There's a scent of warm flannel, and baby lies in the hollow of mother's knee with nothing on. He is, unquestionably, the most wonderful baby in the world.

POREX Powder is made for the most wonderful babies in the world. Absorbent and blissfully comforting! It's utterly wise and good.

Porex BABY POWDER

Sold only by Pharmacists. Price 1/-

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TRADE MARK

ESTAB. 1847.

To those suffering from Boils, Abscesses, Whitlows, Carbuncles, Piles, Fistula, Puffy or Cystic Tumours, Poisoned Wounds, or any skin Disease, there is Nature's remedy in

BURGESS'S LION OINTMENT.

It brings all the morbid matter to the surface, and heals from underneath—not closing up to break out again. For that reason, it is the remedy for various skin diseases.

It is a genuine household remedy for Cuts, Burns, Stings, etc.

For all Chemists from 1/3, 3/4, 5/6, etc.

B. BURGESS, 59, Great St. Martin Lane, London, W.C.1

Sufferers from DYSPEPSIA

will secure immediate relief by taking Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Digestive Lozenges. Introduced in 1798, they are still prepared by Savory & Moore in their original form, and provide a much-needed and valuable remedy for all digestive disorders.

They are quite harmless, containing nothing whatever in the nature of a drug.

Doctors use and prescribe them.

READ THIS TESTIMONY.

"I tried your simple and old-standing cure of Dyspepsia, accompanied with distressing Heartburn. They certainly gave great relief, and I personally will prescribe them whenever occasion arises." (Medical Man. Letter on file.)

OBSTINATE INDIGESTION.

Dr. Jenner's Lozenges have in my case (obstinate indigestion) done wonders. One taken whenever indigestion shows itself gives almost instant relief. I have tried endless other supposed cures without avail. (Letter on file.)

Try Dr. JENNER'S Absorbent DIGESTIVE LOZENGES NOW—at our expense.

Send for Free Sample Dept. D. R. & SAVORY & MOORE, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143, New Bond St., London, W.1

In Boxes 1/3, 3/4, 5/6, of all Chemists.

PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

AUNT EMMA "LECTURES" ME.

Daily Mirror Office.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

It is quite a long time since I have given you any news of our old friend Aunt Emma. I called at her house to-day, and am glad to say she is quite well. I found her very busy in the garden, digging up weeds from the flower-beds and making everything shipshape for the summer.

"Dear me, Richard," she said, smiling up at me over her glasses. "You are looking quite shabby."

"Shabby, aunt?" I cried.

"Yes," she went on. "Your sleeve is badly frayed and there are splashes of mud on your coat. And, I declare, haven't you a button missing?"

"Quite true, aunt," I said. "These wretched

overcoat buttons are always coming off—I wish somebody would invent a coat without buttons!"

"I'm afraid, Richard, you don't take enough trouble over yourself. Now, take my advice and go to the tailor's and order some nice clothes for the spring."

"I think I will. What do you suggest? What sort of colour?"

"Why not have something light and gay for a change?"

"Gay clothes do not suit me very well."

"Well, get something new for goodness sake. What would all your nephews and nieces say if they could see you walking about like a tramp?"

A proper old lecture, children! Never mind—it is good for even uncles to be lectured at times.

*Love affectionately
Uncle Dick.*

"FACE THE MUSIC!"

Funny Phrases, and Where They Came From.

WHEN you have got into trouble and ruefully say to a friend that you will have to "face the music," do you know what the phrase actually means?

If you say it over again to yourself, it doesn't seem to have any meaning at all, does it? What "music" have you got to face?

As a matter of fact, it is a very old saying. In the early days of the theatre, a nervous actor would sometimes confess that he was afraid to "face the music"—that is to say, he had stage fright, and he didn't want to go on the stage and appear before the orchestra.

There are many other popular sayings like this. For instance, you know that "showing the white feather" means being a coward. Why should it? This is the reason.

In olden days there was a rather cruel sport, called "cock-fighting," in which two gamecocks were made to attack each other. A bird with any white feathers was not considered a good breed; and so the term, "showing a white feather," soon came to be applied to people who were afraid to fight.

COLOUR SAYINGS.

In the boxing rings of a hundred years ago a line was marked across the middle and called the "scratch." One of the rules of the game was that, at the beginning of each round, the two boxers had to "come up to the scratch." That is the origin of the phrase.

From the cruel old "sport" of bear-baiting, in which dogs were trained to fight with bears, comes the saying "like a bear-garden." "Blind as a bat" may well puzzle us, because a bat is not blind; but apparently everyone used to think it was.

Another puzzling phrase is, "Knocked into a cocked hat." This refers to the old-time top-hats, which when smashed, looked something like a three-cornered, or cocked, hat.

Different colours occur in many sayings. "In the blues" suggests that blue was considered a melancholy colour; while "a brown study" shows that brown is considered as a serious hue.

Another very interesting slang-term is "blackleg." In the days when stocks were used as a punishment, a rogue's legs would often be bruised black and blue by these unpleasant "foot-cuffs," and a "blackleg" was the term for a swindler. Now, however, it means some one who refuses to support his friends.

SOLUTIONS.

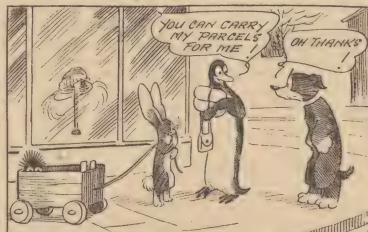
Did you manage to solve the "Sting" Puzzle I showed you yesterday? Here are the correct answers:

1. Resting. (I expect you all got that one right!) 2. Feasting. 3. Wasting. 4. Dusting. 5. Posting. 6. Jeating. 7. Boasting. 8. Boasting. 9. Everlasting.

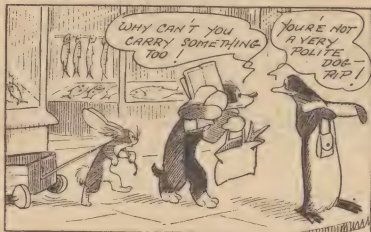
SQUEAK SHOPS, PIP CARRIES AND WILFRED HELPS.



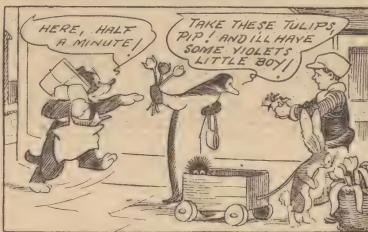
1. Squeak loves shopping, but Pip, like a boy, simply hates it.



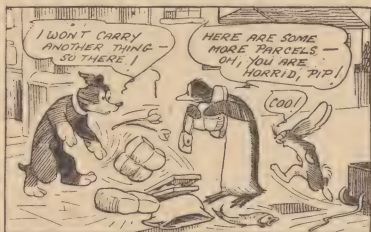
2. He felt very indignant when the penguin wanted him to carry her parcels.



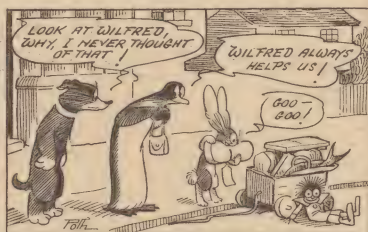
3. "All polite dogs carry parcels for ladies," said Squeak, severely.



4. Before long poor Pip was so bundled up that he could hardly move.



5. Then at last he refused to carry any more—and threw them all down.



6. Wilfred solved the problem. Pip and Squeak hadn't thought of his little cart!

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THE MYSTERY HUSBAND

By A. J. RUSSELL



As one foot rested on the taxi step she turned and shot upwards at him a final disturbing, tantalising glance. "You will know on Friday," she said. "Not before?" "Not before."

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

THAT young man is growing too self-important," is Mrs. Manson's opinion of Ronald Sturdee, her prospective son-in-law, who left the village of Redway Bank, where Mrs. Manson is postmistress, to achieve fame and fortune as an impresario in London. Her pretty daughter Eve is greatly distressed because Ronald writes so infrequently. It seems that Ronald is forgetting his village sweetheart; is perhaps repenting of his impulsive engagement to her.

Nevertheless, Ronald finally comes down to Redway Bank to discuss matters with Eve that cannot be fairly stated in a letter. Eve, who loves Ronald passionately, steals herself to bear the news that he does not want to marry her now that he is a celebrity in the musical world—the man who discovered the great singer, Navana.

Ronald, however, astounds her by saying that he wants the marriage to take place almost immediately, and Eve, stifling her uneasiness at her lover's strange behaviour, is overjoyed and content. They begin their honeymoon in Devon, but after three days Ronald announces that he must go to Paris forthwith in order to book a new Welsh soprano who has made a great hit. He can't take Eve with him, he explains, because the journey will be a rush and he has not much spare cash.

During his absence Eve has to stay alone in her London flat, and she is frightened.

Ronald returns and laughs at her for her fears. A feeling of restraint develops between them, caused by the contrast of her husband's unemotional temperament with her own warm nature. She endeavours to understand his business methods and his ways, but she feels she is a failure. Even the two children that are born to them do not draw him any nearer. In a moment of revelation Eve feels she hates her husband.

A fascinating little mixer, Trixie Davies, comes into Ronald's life, and he falls head over heels in love with her. Persistently he avows his passion for her, but she will not show that she is moved in the least.

OUT TO WIN.

DURING that period of mental torment Ronald Sturdee was wont to say to himself: "If I could only see in her the faintest glimmer of the deep passion that she has aroused in me, I should be satisfied. But no! She seems to be utterly unemotional. She sees, if those glorious eyes have true vision, the misery that she is causing me; she feels, if that graceful figure is feeling the intense agony I am enduring; and yet she says nothing. She's inexplicable!"

He cursed himself for having developed a love intensity like that of the infatuated woman—the man who appeared to his own wife to be incapable of anything more than an occasional spasm of superficial love.

In these days only the very essentials of his business were attended to; the less important matters were allowed to slide. His brain, which had never before defaulted when put to big tasks, now began to display signs of distress. It was forcibly borne in on him that it required a change of subject if it were to remain healthy. A strained, overwrought feeling was always with him. But how could he change this ever-present topic until Trixie declared herself?

Came the day when Trixie herself set a time limit to his torment.

"You will know on Friday of next week," she quietly announced.

"What shall I know?" he asked, peering

(All the characters in this story are fictitious. Translation, dramatic and all other rights reserved.)

into the mysterious depths of her coldly beautiful eyes.

"Why," she laughed, "what you have been trying to make me say for nearly a year."

"Tell me now!"

"Wait just a few days longer," she was so agreeably cool. Suddenly he lost his temper.

"Trixie! Do you love me?" he demanded, almost pleadingly.

"There you go again! My dear boy, you must learn to restrain. Be patient till the day I've mentioned. Now tell me: What will you do if I say 'No'?"

He caught his breath. In his heart he had not believed such an answer possible. Why should she say "no"? He could excuse the delay while she sought to fathom the depths of her queer, unemotional heart. But how could she deliberately turn her back on the past and shut him out of her present and future? Of course, she could not do it.

Moreover, how could he, now that he had allowed their friendship to continue so long unbroken, be willing to go away from her, to regard her as non-existent—for ever dead to him?

Sturdee, more puzzled than ever, looked straight into her mocking eyes. Was she only fooling him again?

"Well, Clive, what would you do? I'm waiting."

He adopted the same casual tone as hers, though he felt dead inside.

"Oh, I should do nothing much. Go on working just as I did before you dug me up."

"And what would you do if I said 'Yes'?"

His heart gave a great bound of pleasure. Now she was beginning to reveal herself. Of course, she had only been playing with him. It was the play of a naturally shy, but clever woman who hesitated to disclose the depths of her heart.

"I should marry you as soon—as soon as I could gain my freedom. Just as soon as possible."

Yet even as he said this, he knew subconsciously that his passion for Trixie would begin to abate immediately he had conquered.

For his was the nature that strove, not so much for the joy of possession as for the glory of achievement. He was in life to win through—always. Success for him was always achievement, not possession.

His frenzy for Trixie, aroused by her beauty, had been sustained at white-hot intensity by her tantalising non-committal attitude when he poured at her feet the newly-loosed torrent of his long-dormant love.

As one tiny foot rested on the taxi step she turned and shot upwards at him a final disturbing, tantalising glance.

"You will know on Friday."

"Not before?"

"Not before."

She had baffled him even at the eleventh hour.

"Good night, Trixie."

"Ta-ta, old Clive."

THE REAL TRIXIE.

RONALD STURDEE slept little that night. His tireless brain was still too busy puzzling over the most difficult proposition it had ever been set to tackle.

"I shall know to-morrow. I won't think any more about her," he told himself on the following Thursday; and, closing his eyes, he endeavoured to sleep.

He was feeling limp and unrefreshed as he went in to breakfast. Hastily he ran through his correspondence, half-expecting to find that Trixie, after all, had mailed the answer to his oft-repeated question. In that hope he was disappointed. Most curious! Then how was he to know?

"Ron, is anything the matter?"

The exclamation was forced from Eve at the moment that her husband's attention fastened on a headline in his morning newspaper.

Ronald recovered his composure with a palpable effort.

"No, dear," he hastily replied. "Nothing's the matter—except—except a bit of a headache."

"But you went so pale!"

The headline which had caused the unemotional Ronald Sturdee to show agitation blatantly announced:—

"Interesting Engagement.—Miss Trixie Davies and Mr. Ronald Appulcombe."

A blur. He rubbed his eyes.

"Engagement.—Miss Trixie Davies and . . ."

Again a blur. Was he reading correctly or only imagining? He read again, and this time

the type became more distinct. The following lines took definite shape:—

"We are able to announce exclusively the engagement of Miss Trixie Davies, who has contributed many interesting articles to this journal, to Mr. Ronald Appulcombe."

Ronald Sturdee laid down the newspaper and rose abruptly. He must get outside the flat, somewhere in the fresh air. Eve stopped him.

"Why, Ron, you haven't tasted your breakfast! Something, surely, is wrong with you!"

"It's nothing. Eve, only a slight headache. I'll go when I get into the park. I must hurry now; there's lots of business doing to-day."

He felt impelled to be alone—alone with his mental turmoil; alone to swallow and digest, if he could, the medicine which fate had handed him; alone to think of the woman who had fooled a lover more completely than ever lover had been fooled, and who was now to marry old Appulcombe, the war profiteer.

At first Sturdee determined not to call at his office that morning, but to roam St. James' Park to think over the staggering news. But he changed his mind. He would rush in to see if there were any important letters and then escape again into the freer air of the park.

There was the usual pile of correspondence—letters from provincial agents, bills from printers and concert-hall managers, applications for employment from moderately well-known singers and players—and a small parcel.

Nothing important. Everything could wait for a day, at least—for ever, according to his present frame of mind. But what was in the parcel. A new catalogue of gramophones, perhaps, or a box of chocolates? But who would think of sending him chocolates? No, it was a book. A novel! A novel by—!

"That woman!"

Ronald Sturdee sat staring at the red cover of the presentation novel that had arrived at his office. It was a first novel by a woman writer, Trixie Davies. The title, "The Grand Lover."

The plot was out!

He saw it all now. When Trixie, in the fulness of her youthful glory, had first burst in on him, her quick eyes had immediately taken his measure, and she had played-acted accordingly.

The puzzle that had made his brain raw in trying to solve it was now ridiculously plain. Trixie had been seeking copy for her projected first novel, and he—fool that he was—had been her inspiration. Finding him one who thought himself unconquerable, she, with great skill and cunning, combined with absolute heartlessness, had deliberately stirred his sleeping emotions into furious activity. She had sailed carelessly over the sea of his tempestuous love until she reached her own little harbour—her

name on the cover and title page of a work of fiction. Her harbour entered, that sea could boil on as it chose, agitated by every squall of bitter regret, every wave of baulked desire. She cared not.

Ronald Sturdee read on. Yes, she had caught him correctly.

The marks of his identity with the central character were already so clear that he had some grounds for legal retaliation. If he dared! But he did not dare, as none knew better than the talented authors.

In a state of dull anger he read on to the end of the first few chapters. All the incidents attending the opening of their acquaintance were enacted in heartless fashion, although their veneer and some of the scenes themselves were thinly veiled by slight alteration of names and imperfect or exaggerated descriptions. But the conversation was their own conversation.

Words that he had uttered when intoxicated by passion for Trixie were here printed with a callous indifference that made him wonder, as he read, if the fair author's heart had been chilled from the granite rocks.

He jumped to his feet and, with one powerful wrench, tore the book into halves and threw them on the fire.

Again a blur. And then he found himself on an empty isolated seat in St. James' Park. He stayed on oblivious of the passage of time, the cold wind and the rain which began to fall.

Until yesterday he had been gliding leisurely down-stream; now he was clear over the weir, his brittle carat shattered on the rocks in the cold, swirling waters below.

He jumped to his feet and began to stalk furiously round the deserted park, clenching and unclenching his fingers as he went.

The luncheon hour arrived and Ronald Sturdee was still aimlessly wandering about St. James' Park, but undecided as to his next move. Trixie had promised to meet him that evening. The meeting, he now knew, was to be a farewell. What should he say to her? What should he do?

Trixie had impudent courage—she had oft-times demonstrated that—but even she, he felt, had not sufficient bravado to dare a final interview.

He walked unsteadily to his office. As he entered Caruso, rising excitedly from his office stool, greeted him with:

"She's here again—waitin' in your room—Miss Trixie Davies—the future Mrs. Appulcombe."

Sturdee's hand rested a moment on the counter. Then his teeth snapped together; his grey-blue eyes narrowed into an expression of cold ferocity. Without a word to Caruso he darted up the stairs and flung into his room.

Another fine instalment to-morrow.

"Just like ^{best} Butter"



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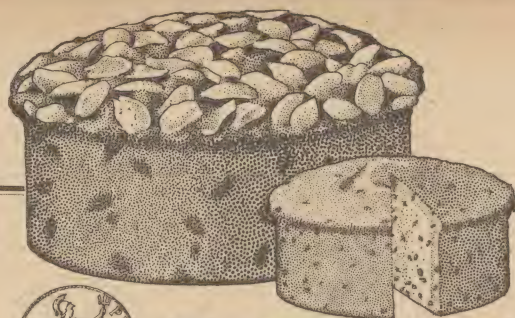
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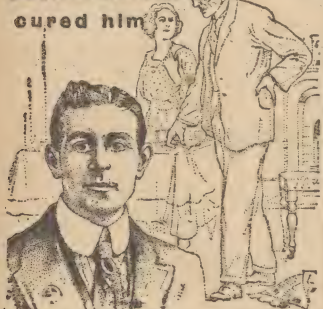
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The "hanky" which gives the last touch of daintiness, and stands any amount of washing

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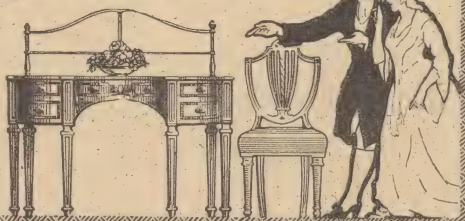
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LADIES' MIRROR

THE OVERALL TO-DAY—NEW POSIES.

HOUSEWIVES will soon be face to face with the annual Spring-cleaning—that landmark in women's lives that is so incomprehensible to the mere male—so the question of overalls looms large. (Personally I believe that if we could really look delightful all the time we were doing housework we shouldn't mind doing it half so much.) Anyway, I was interested in some lovely ones that Lady Johnson-Hicks was showing at the big bazaar of the United Charities—one of the Hyde Park Dance Club's bright anniversary ideas! They came from the Barclay workshops for blind women, and although they were a good deal more expensive than the cretonne ones at the shops they had the merit of being fadeless, having lots of room in them, and being in the loveliest of blues and reds and oranges.



The bib and apron effect in embroidered net is shown here on one of the new short frocks.

THE OTHER END OF THE SCALE.

At the other end of the scale of aprons are the wee kerchief aprons that the woman with a daily maid who wants every afternoon "off" is adopting for tea-time jobs.

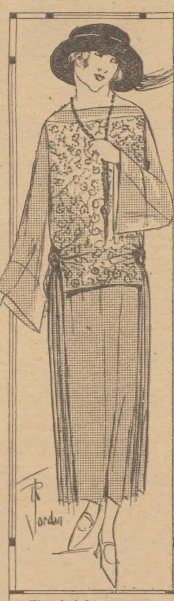
To make these you go to some small shop in a slum and buy a big gipsy cotton handkerchief, sew strings to it at two corners—and there you are. If you like you can get a bit of plain material in the predominant colour and sew on a pocket or two. If you want silk the British Legion makes jolly kerchiefs of this kind.

BRILLIANT.

Almost I'm tempted to wish that the sun won't shine too much this summer. If it does we shall all have to take to shaded glasses! Out of a window full of guinea hats—quite eighty of them—at least 60 per cent., were made of brilliantly patterned embroideries or silks or of shiny straws in vivid hues.

POSIES.

Spring is turning all our thoughts to the simplest of cottage or wild flowers, and some of the loveliest of the new posies of artificial flowers just out are made of the old-fashioned double daisies, tiny yellow marguerites and the wee-est of poppy buds.



The brightest of embroideries contrasts with a dove-grey skirt of rep and sleeves of georgette.

"Cyclax" Violet Ray Reducing Bath Salts

Are the last word in scientific research, and Mrs. Hemming, the originator of the famous "Cyclax" preparations for the skin, confidently asserts that she has solved the problem of the alleviation of obesity, acidity and rheumatism.

"Cyclax" Violet Ray Bath Salts are a most economical preparation, a 12 oz. bottle costs only 4/-, sufficient for six baths. Invigorates the system, and increases the circulation of the blood, and even after one bath a distinct reduction in weight is noticeable.

Price 4/- (Double Size 7/-).

Write for a complimentary copy of Mrs. Hemming's valuable book: "The Cultivation & Preservation of Natural Beauty."

"CYCLAX" 15 & 14 Lb. New Bond St. W. Telephone: REGENT 2563
"CYCLAX" 15 & 14 Lb. 8th, Moulton St. W.I. Telephone: MAYFAIR 3972

Easter !!! A new frock for the brighter days.

Pay as you Wear. This Coat Frock

in all Wool Botany Serge is offered NOW to enable our customers to secure before Easter on payment of

7/6 deposit and promise to pay balance of 35/- by weekly remittances of 5/- each.

This well cut and tailored garment, with fringed silk sash, is suitable for all occasions. Made in Navy and Black.

Other models up to £5-5-0.

Money refunded if not satisfied.

Send to-day to the firm with a 40 years' reputation.

THE LADIES' WEAR CO.,

154, St. Paul's Road, London, N.1.

Tel.: Dalston 2967. Lengths 46in. and 48in.



There is Comfort in Instant Postum

All the charm which taste requires in a hot mealtime drink. None of the disturbance to health which so often follows the regular use of tea or coffee.

Suppose you make the test, yourself.

Thousands have found Instant Postum a better mealtime drink in every respect—better for taste, better for health, and better for convenience in serving.

You can make your cup of Instant Postum merely by adding hot water in the cup—strong or mild as taste requires. The ideal warm comforting drink for children.

INSTANT POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

Sold in 1-lb. tins, sufficient for 80 to 100 cups, 28, and 40 tins 1/7. Of Grocers and Stores.

The GRAPE-NUTS Co., Ltd.
Dept. 23F, 86, Clerkenwell
Road, London, E.C.1.

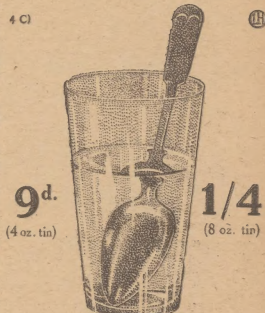
SEND this
COUPON for TRIAL SAMPLE

sufficient to make 7 cups of delicious
Instant Postum. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover
cost of packing and postage. Address as above.

NAME

ADDRESS

(Dept. 23F)



A morning glass of bubb- ling Optimism ANDREWS Liver Salt

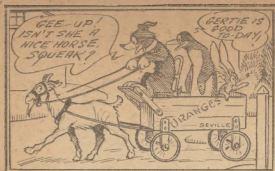
SITUATIONS VACANT.

ART—Make money drawing, fashions; stamp for booklet, Art Station, 12 and 15, Henrietta-st., Strand, W.C.2.
FASHION Drawing—Learn this art and earn big money; booklet stamp—Peters, 34, Oxford-st., London, W.2.
TO Parents and Guardians—The London Telegraph Training College, Ltd. (est. 26 years), Cable and Wireless Telegraphy; youths from 16 upwards trained for these services; positions obtained, moderate fees.—Apply for prospect, D. opt. D.M. 262, Earl's Court-road, S.W.5.
UNSUCCESSFUL writers should send to Peter's (Dept. M.I. 26, Shoe-lane, E.C.4. (Not literary agents.)
VACANCY in office of old-established diamond merchants for young gentlemen leaving school; minimum £200; excellent prospects; permanent.—Write D.M., care of Yarell, 19, Ryder-st., London, S.W.1.
£2 WEEKLY earned, easy homework plan, no canvassing; details stamped envelope.—Dean (D.M.), Duxham-road, Sheffield.

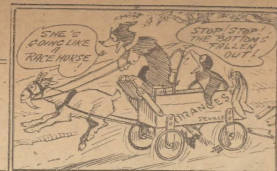


TARNISHES HIS UNBEATEN RECORD

Richards, Idris Richards (Cardiff) and J. Lawrence (Ebbw Vale) have been chosen.



You can always have a—



—laugh at the three pets.

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

MRS. RUSSELL CROSS-EXAMINED



Mrs. Russell photographed yesterday with her mother, Mrs. Hart.



Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C.



Mr. Justice Hill, who is trying the case.

Mrs. Christabel Russell entered the witness-box in the Divorce Court yesterday to give evidence in her defence to the petition for divorce brought by her husband, the Hon. John Hugo Russell. She described her married life and her attitude towards her men friends, admitting that her behaviour seemed now "to have been extremely indiscreet." She was cross-examined by Sir E. Marshall-Hall.



One of Queen Alexandra's many callers, who brought her a bouquet.



Lady Gilman was another among the constant stream of callers at Marlborough House.



The Danish Minister offered the congratulations of Queen Alexandra's native land.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S DAY.—Many callers yesterday—the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Alexandra's arrival in England.—left congratulations.

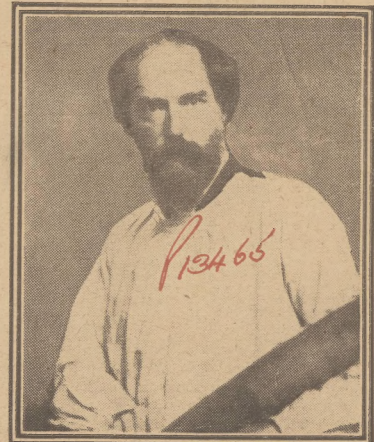
MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN CITED AS CO-RESPONDENT



Mrs. Sylvia Phyllis Gough, the respondent (also inset).



Baron Maurice de Rothschild, one of the three co-respondents.



Mr. Augustus John, who painted Mrs. Gough's portrait, also a co-respondent.

Citing as co-respondents Baron Maurice de Rothschild, the French racing owner, Mr. Augustus John, the famous portrait painter, and Mr. Bertrand Neidecker, Mr. Wilfred H. J. Gough has lodged a petition for divorce from his wife.